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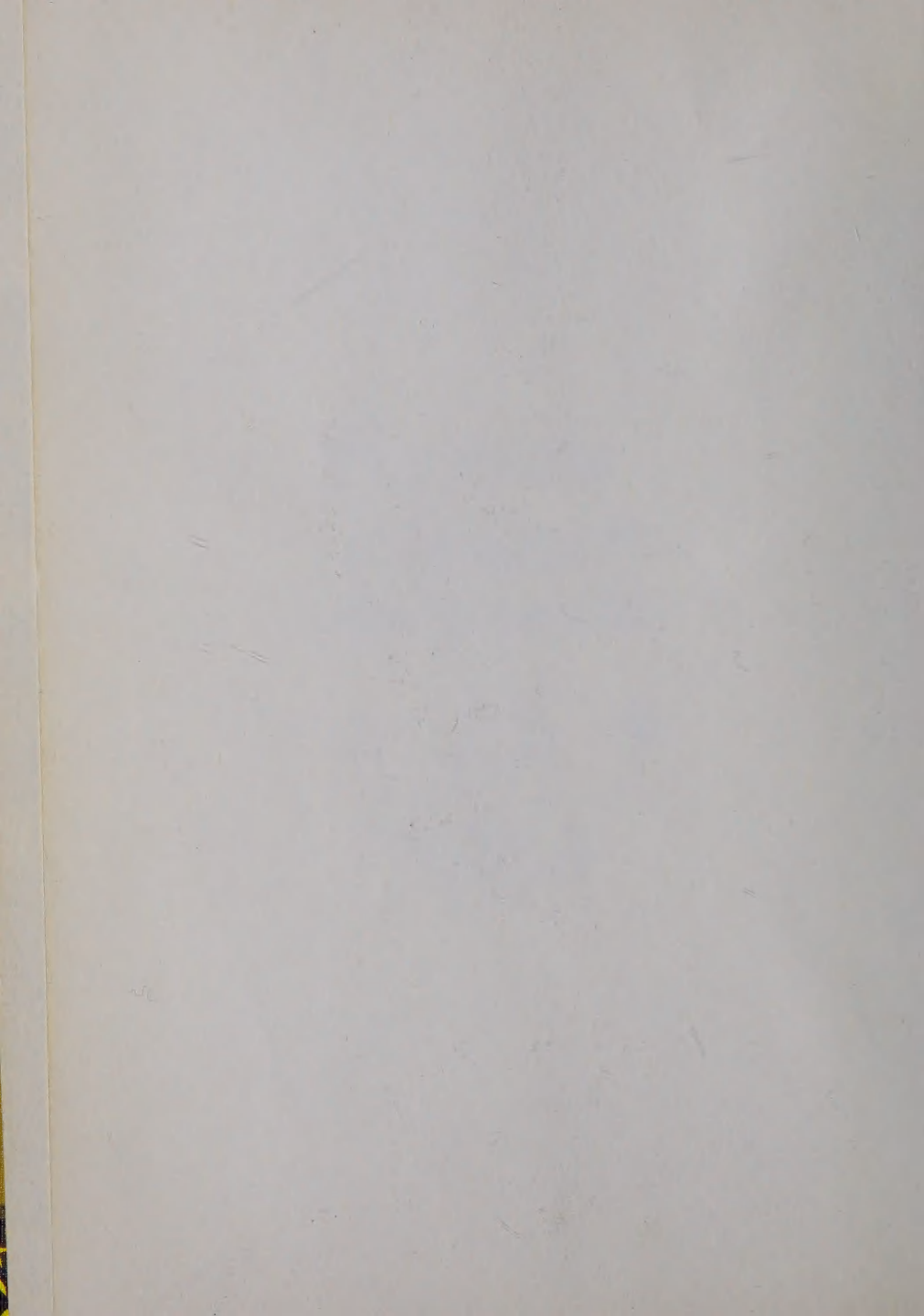
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FOLLOW ME



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Follow Me

LANGUAGE EXPERIENCE READING PROGRAM

FOLLOW ME

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On My Own





Follow Me

"Don't forget, Jane,"
called Mother.

"I won't, Mother,"
Jane said.

"May I play?" asked Jane.

"A girl can't do this," said John.

"A girl can't keep up," said Timmy.

"Yes, I can," said Jane. "Just watch me and see."

And she hopped after them on one foot.

(Has she forgotten already?)





"I'm the leader," said Timmy.
"Follow me!"

He jumped up on the wall, and so
did John and Jane.

The boys ran to the end of the wall
and jumped down.

So did Jane.

It was hard to do, but she did it.

(Do you think Jane has forgotten?)

Then Timmy ran as fast as he could
to jump over a puddle.

But one foot landed in the water.
Then John jumped over the puddle.
Jane jumped too and just made it.

(Has Jane forgotten?)

"You landed in the water, Timmy,"
said John.

"Now I'm the leader. Try this."



He jumped up and caught a tree branch.

Then he moved along the branch,
hand over hand, hand over hand.

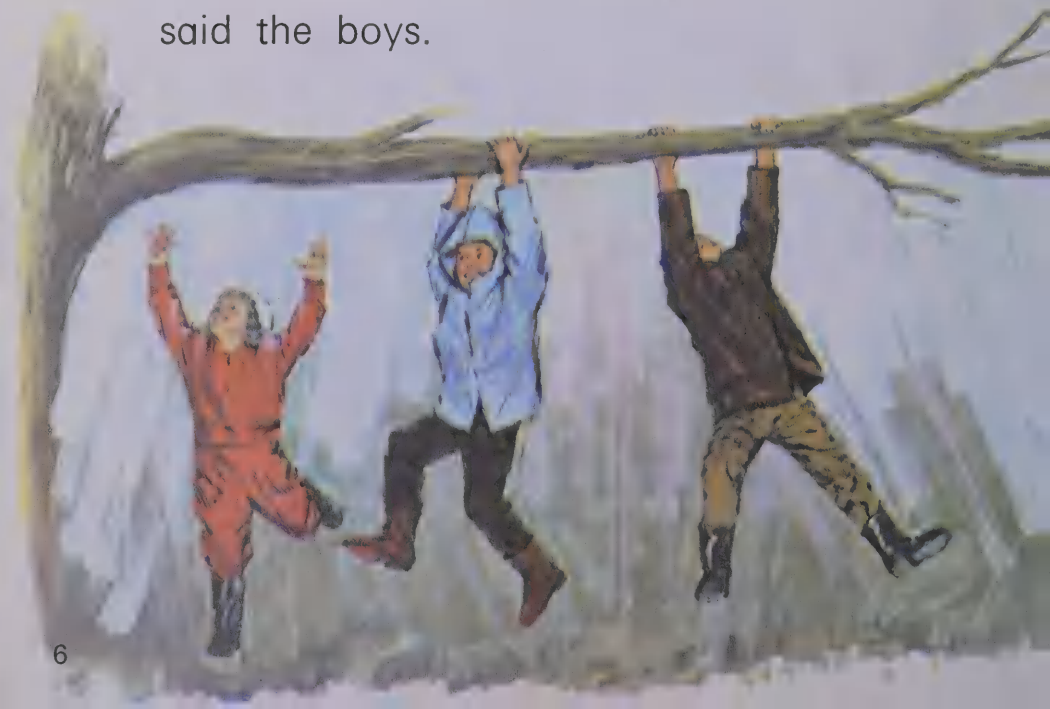
Timmy was fat, but he was strong.
He jumped up, too, and caught the
branch.

But Jane could not do it.

She could not jump that high.

She tried and tried.

"We said you couldn't keep up,"
said the boys.



"Try this!" said John.

And he stood on his hands!

Timmy stood on his hands too.

Then it was Jane's turn.

Could she do it?

Well, Jane stood on her hands,
and she WALKED on her hands!

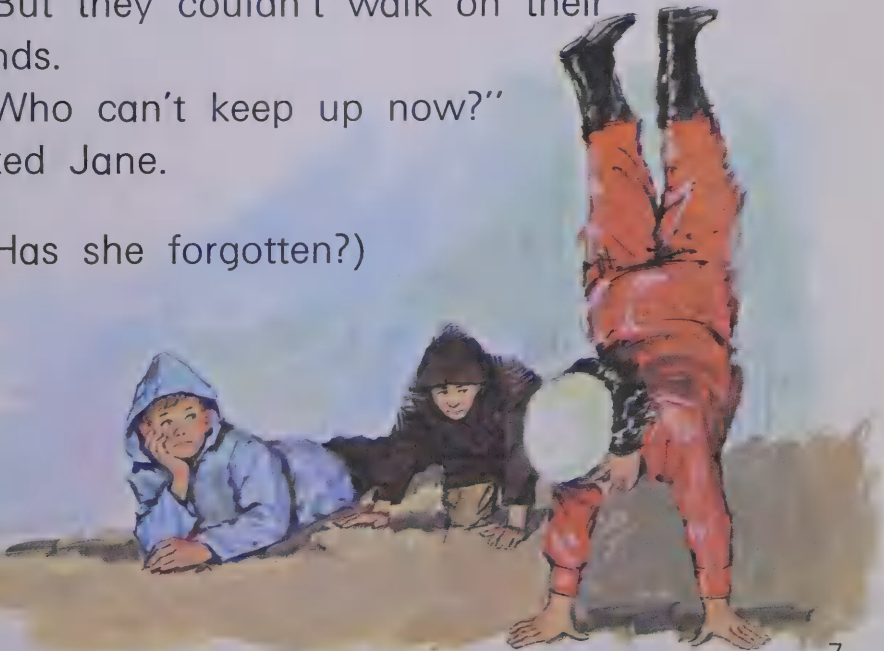
Then John and Timmy tried that.

They could stand on their hands.

But they couldn't walk on their
hands.

"Who can't keep up now?"
asked Jane.

(Has she forgotten?)



"Now, I'm the leader," said Jane,
"and I'm an airplane. Follow me."

She flew down the street to the store.
John and Timmy followed.

She flew into the store.

John and Timmy still followed.

"One pound of butter, please," said
Jane to the man. "I didn't forget."

Then she said to John and Timmy,
"I can keep up with you.

I can play Follow Me.

And I can get some butter for my
mother too."





Overshoes

Peter had new overshoes.

His new overshoes were brown and shiny.

His new overshoes had little buckles.

"See how my little buckles shine!" said Peter.

Ronnie had old overshoes.

His overshoes were black.

His overshoes had big buckles.

"My big buckles and my overshoes do not shine at all," said Ronnie.



Peter and Ronnie ran to school.
Peter ran fast in his new, shiny,
brown overshoes.

Ronnie ran fast in his old, black
overshoes.

Ronnie said, "I wish my overshoes
were new and shiny and brown."

Peter and Ronnie worked all day
at school.

Then the teacher said, "It's time
to go home. It's time to put on
your overshoes.

Who will be first?"



Peter put on his new, shiny,
brown overshoes.

He tried to do up the shiny little
buckles.

He tried and tried and tried.

He could not do up the buckles.

Ronnie put on his old, black
overshoes.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

He did up the big buckles.

It was easy.

"My old overshoes are easy to put
on," said Ronnie.

"I like my old overshoes."



"Ronnie is first," said the teacher.

"Now I'll help Peter," said Ronnie.

"I'll help him do up his shiny little buckles."

Peter said, "Thank you, Ronnie. I wish my overshoes had big buckles. I wish they were easy to do up."

Ronnie said, "Your overshoes will get old too.

Then they will be easy to do up."

Call the Doctor

"Jenny is sick," said Ann.

"Call the doctor."

"I'm the doctor," said Tom.

Doctor Tom put his hand on the
doll's head.

"Jenny is very sick.

She should have a nurse."

"I'll be the nurse," said Ann.





"My mother will have something to make Jenny better," Doctor Tom said.

"Do you think some cookies will help?" asked Tom's mother.

"Oh, yes. Thank you," said Tom.

Tom gave the cookies to Jenny.

Ann said, "She is too sick to eat them all. Maybe we can eat some of them for her."

The cookies looked good.

And they were good!

"Jenny is still sick," Ann said.
"I'll ask MY mother for something
to make her better."

They took Jenny over to Ann's
house.

"Do you think some apples will
help?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes. Thank you."

Ann gave the apples to Jenny.

Tom said, "She is too sick for apples.
Maybe we can eat them for her."

The apples looked good.

And they were good!



"Jenny is still sick," Doctor Tom said.

"Let's ask Mrs. Brown for something to make her better."

They took the doll to Mrs. Brown's house.

"Do you think some ice cream will help?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, yes. Thank you, Mrs. Brown."

"But too much ice cream is not good for a sick doll," Tom said. "Maybe we should eat it."

The ice cream looked good.

And it was good!

"I think Jenny is better now," said Ann.

"Maybe the doll is better," said Tom, "but I don't feel very well. I feel sick."

"So do I," said Ann.

"I'll ask my mother for something to make us better."

"Mother, Jenny is better now," Ann said. "But Tom and I feel sick."

"What did you eat?" asked her mother.

"Well, we ate all the cookies," said Ann.

"And all the apples," said Tom.

"And all the ice cream," they said.

"What a funny doctor and nurse you are!" said Ann's mother.

"The doll is better, but you are sick.

Now I will have to be the doctor."





The Wrong Side of the Bed

It was a sunny morning, but Jane was not happy. She didn't want to do a thing.

She said, "I won't wash today. I won't brush my hair. I don't like this old hair ribbon. I won't put it on."

Jane went downstairs.

"Why, Jane!" said her mother. "Did you wash your face? Where is your pretty ribbon? Did you brush your hair, dear?"



"No," said Jane. "I didn't. I don't want to wash. I don't want to brush my hair. I don't want to make my bed. I don't want to help you. I don't want to do a thing."

"Very well, Jane," said her mother.
"Do you want to eat breakfast?"

Jane sat down at the breakfast table.
"No," she said. "I don't like this egg. I don't like this milk. I don't like anything."

"Very well," Mother said again.
"Run along and play, then."

Jane went to play. But she didn't want to play. The sun was too hot. She couldn't find any place to go. She couldn't find anything to do.

She went back to Mother and said, "I think something is wrong with me. I think everything is wrong with me. I'm hungry, but I don't want to eat. I don't want to work, but I don't want to play. I don't want to do anything. I don't like anything. I'm not happy."



Mother said, "Come here, Jane. Let me look at you." Then she said, "Why, I know what the trouble is! You got out on the Wrong Side of the Bed today. Go up to your room again, Jane. Get into the Wrong Side of the Bed, and get out on the Right Side. Then see how you feel!"

Jane didn't want to go. But she went up the stairs and into her room.



Then she took off her dress and got into the Wrong Side of the Bed. She put her head down for a minute. "This bed is very soft," she said.

And she went to sleep.

She had a very good sleep.

After a while, Jane opened her eyes and sat up. Why, what a pretty room she had! What a happy morning this was! She got out on the Right Side of the Bed. She ran to wash, and to brush her hair. She put on a pretty ribbon. She put on her pretty dress. She made her bed.



Then she ran down the stairs, and she sang all the way. She ran to her mother and said, "That was the trouble, Mother! The first time today I got out on the Wrong Side of the Bed. Then everything was wrong. But this time I got out on the Right Side of the Bed. Now everything is right!"

Her mother laughed, "You had a little more sleep, too," she said. "That may have something to do with it!"





Don's Treasures

Don opened the back door.

"May I have some string, Mom?" he called.

"Shut the door, Donald," said his mother.

"Now what is it you want?"

"Some string for my car, please."

"Why Donald, isn't there some string in your big, fat pockets?"

"But I want the string now, Mom. It will take too long to look in my pockets."

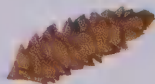
Mother said, "Then it's time to clean them out!"

"Aw, Mom, does it have to be now? Ted and I are playing."

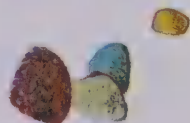
"Now, Donald, it won't take long," said Mother. "Let's see what's in the first pocket."

Don began to pull things from his pocket.

"A pine cone . . .



My colored stones . . .



Some string!"



Mother looked at Don and laughed.

From outside Ted called, "Hey, Don, hurry up! What are you doing?"

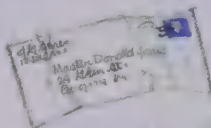
Don said, "Mom is making me take all the things out of my pockets."

Ted said, "May I come in and see?"

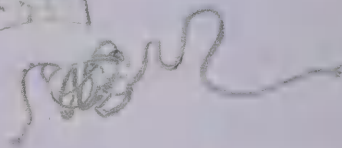
"Come on in, Ted," said Don's mother.

Don went on pulling things out of his pocket.

"My letter from Dad. I like to carry that, Mom, . . .



Some string . . .



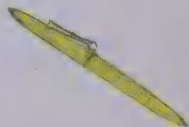
An old match box . . .



A piece of gum . . .



And a good old pen!"



"Wow!" said Ted. "Does it work?"

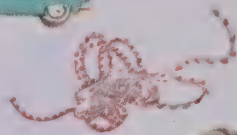


"Now, the next pocket, Donald," said Mother.

"A toy car . . .



Red and white string . . .



The wheel from my truck"



"Does your truck work without it?" asked Ted.

Mother laughed. "No, it does not," she said. "Keep the wheel out, Donald. Dad will put it back on your truck. . . . Are all the things out of your pockets now?"

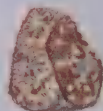
"No," said Don, "here is another piece of gum . . .



A pencil . . .

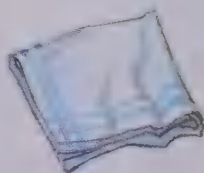


A rock with real gold in it!"



"May I look at it?" asked Ted.

"My handkerchief . . .



My beetle! Oh! My beetle!"

Mother cried, "Oh, Donald, I've told you not to put beetles in your pockets!"

The big black beetle ran across the table, down to the floor — plop — and under the stove.



Mother took her broom and said,
"I will not have a beetle in my house.
Out of my way, boys. Go outside and
play. Hurry!"

Don began to put his treasures back
into his pockets as fast as he could.

"We're going, Mom," he said. "We're
going right away."

And they did.





The Whizziest Sleigh

It was snowing. The big, white flakes were falling on the houses and the trees. They were falling on the fields and on the hills. Everything was white with snow.

But Gary and Pat were not happy. "Look at that beautiful snow," said Pat.

"Just right for whizzing down our hill on a sleigh," said Gary.

Gary and Pat could hear and see the other children at the hill.

"Wheee! Away we go!" laughed the other children as they whizzed down the hill.



Gary and Pat didn't laugh. They were unhappy. They had lost their sleigh.

And they couldn't have another. Dad had said, "You must look after your toys."

"Let's go over to the hill and watch," said Gary.

"All right," said Pat. "It's no fun at home."

"Wheee! Wheee!" cried the other children.

"Look at them go," said Pat.

"I wish we were having fun like that," said Gary.



A little boy in green went by on his sleigh. It whizzed down the hill and away across the field.

"He's the fastest!" said Pat.

"Yes," said Gary. "I wish we had a fast sleigh like his."

Gary and Pat were at the top of the hill now. Soon the boy in green walked up the hill with his sleigh. His sleigh was . . .

"Cardboard!" said Pat.

"A piece of cardboard box!" cried Gary.

Home they ran for some cardboard.
Back to the hill they came. Away they
went down the hill. Faster and faster.
They laughed and laughed.

The other children watched Gary and
Pat. One by one the children ran home
for some cardboard.

"Wheee! Wheee!" cried the children
on their cardboard sleighs.

"Wheee! Away we go!" laughed Pat
as she and Gary whizzed down the hill.

"Wheee! Yipeee!" called Gary. "A
cardboard sleigh is the whizziest sleigh
of all."



Johnny's Breakfast

"Hurry up, Johnny, you'll be late for school!" called Dad.

Johnny ate the last bite of breakfast and ran for the door.

His dog ran after him. It jumped up on Johnny, and tried to lick his face.

Johnny said, "Down, Duff! I'm going to school. Why do you want to lick my face this morning?"

Outside, Johnny met the mailman coming up the walk.

The mailman said, "Good morning."

And Johnny said, "Hi! Are you going to give me a letter today?"

The mailman said, "No, no letter for you, Johnny. But I see you've had a good breakfast."

"I always have a good breakfast," said Johnny.

On the way to school, Johnny met a big boy. The boy looked at Johnny's face, and then he smiled.

Johnny smiled back.

At the school, a little girl took one look at Johnny. Then she giggled, and put her hands up to her face.

"Why are girls so giggly?" Johnny asked as he hurried by.

"Good morning, Johnny," said his teacher.

And Johnny said, "Good morning, Miss Henry. I was almost late for school."



Miss Henry said, "I'm glad you took time to eat. What did you have for breakfast?"

Johnny began:

"Orange juice,



porridge,



milk,



and toast ..."



"With strawberry jam?" asked his teacher.



"Why, yes," said Johnny. "How did you know?"

"It's all over your face," said Miss Henry with a smile.





Balloon Magic

Once there was a little boy who moved to a new house. A high wall ran around his new yard. The little boy couldn't see on the other side of it. He didn't know what was over there.

One day he was in his yard playing with a balloon. Suddenly he heard a noise on the other side of the wall. Bump. Bump. Bump. What was it?



Bump. Bump. Bump. He heard the noise again.

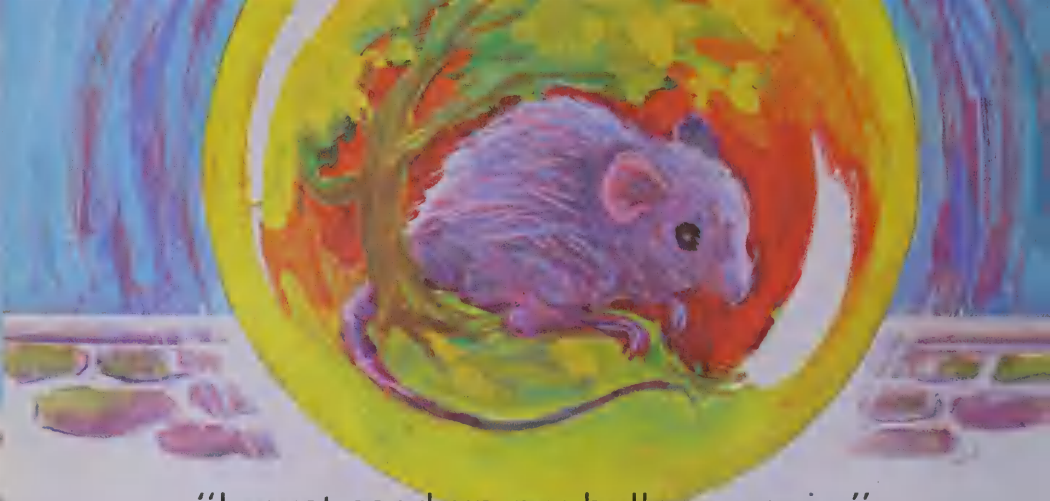
"I'll pretend this is a magic balloon," said the little boy. "I'll send it up to the top of the wall to see what's making that noise."

He let his balloon go. Up it went. Up in the air. Up to the top of the wall.

"Now I know," the little boy said. "An elephant is over there. It's trying to bump down the wall with its trunk."

Then he pulled on the string, and the balloon came back to him.

Soon there was another noise. Scratch. Scratch. Scratch. What was it?



"I must send up my balloon again," said the boy. "I must see what is on the other side of the wall. I must find out what is making that noise."

The balloon went up. Up in the air. Up to the top of the wall.

"Now I know," the little boy said. "A giant mouse is over there. It's making a giant hole because it's too big to go in a small mouse hole."

Then the little boy pulled on the string, and the balloon came back to him.

Before long there was another noise. Bang. Bang. Bang. What was it?



"I must send up my balloon again," said the boy. "I must see what is on the other side of the wall. I must find out what is making that noise."

The balloon went up. Up in the air. Up to the top of the wall. Up over the top of the wall.

"Now I know," the boy said. "There's a hunter in that back yard. He's shooting a big gun. He has shot the elephant. He has shot the giant mouse."

Then the little boy pulled on the string to bring the balloon back.

Bang! went the gun on the other side of the wall.

Poof! went the balloon.

Now what would the boy do?

Suddenly he saw something come
over the top of the wall.

It was another balloon.

The little boy laughed and said,
“Now I really know what’s on the
other side of the wall.

Just another little boy.”





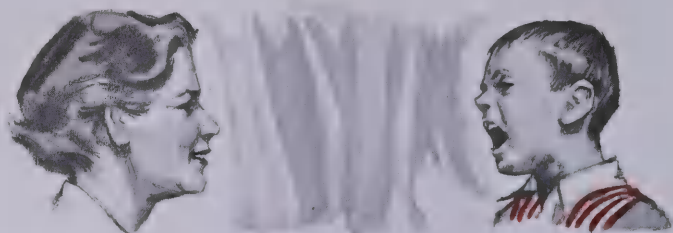
The Wiggily Tooth

Grandma . . . what shall I do about
my good front tooth?

It goes wiggily-woggily all day long!

What can have happened to this
good front tooth?

I know there must be something
wrong.



Come, let me look at that good front
tooth

That goes wiggily-woggily all day
long.

Oh! I see! But that's not a good
front tooth!

That's a little, old, funny baby-tooth!

And, honey, there isn't anything
wrong.

You've had that funny tooth far too
long!

Wiggily-woggily, woggily-wiggily,
Let me help that tooth go
wiggily-woggily,

Woggily-wiggily, wiggily-woggily.
You've had that baby-tooth far too
long.

But, Grandma! I must have a good
front tooth!

What shall I do when this tooth is
gone?

Honey, wait! Just a little more
wiggily-woggily,
Woggily-wiggily, on and on.

And there! I've got that little old
baby-tooth,

See, your funny old tooth is gone.



But soon you will have a good
new tooth,

A pretty new tooth, so good and
strong!

When an old tooth goes, there's
nothing wrong.

You just get a new tooth,

A first-grade new tooth, good and
strong.

People I Know





When Mark Left Home

Mark was playing with his toy airplane.

"Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" He was a jet pilot high in the sky. "Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

Mother came to the door. "Shhhh! Please be quiet, Mark. You'll wake the baby. He's sleeping now. Shhh!"

"Shhhh! Don't make a noise! Be quiet! Shhh! That's all they ever say to me since that baby came. The baby has spoiled everything."



"I'll run away from home," Mark said. "I'll go where I can make lots and lots of noise. Where there is no baby to spoil my fun."

He went into the house. "Mom," he said, "I'm going to run away from home."

"Now?" asked his mother. "Or will you wait till after lunch?" She did not look surprised or sorry.

"Now," said Mark. And he did.

As he went down the street, he met Mrs. Scott. Mark liked Mrs. Scott. She and his mother were friends.



"Good morning, Mark," Mrs. Scott said. "Where are you going?"

"I'm running away," said Mark. "I'm going to find a place where I can make lots and lots of noise and where no silly baby can spoil my fun."

"But where is your suitcase?" asked Mrs. Scott. "If you're going away, you must have a suitcase. Nobody ever goes away without a suitcase."



"I have no suitcase, Mrs. Scott," said Mark.

"I have a little one that you can have," said Mrs. Scott. "Please come in while I find it."

Mrs. Scott said, "You must pack it before you leave for good. Go home and pack now, Mark. Put in your pyjamas and toothbrush and some toys. You will miss them if you leave them at home."

"Oh, yes! I'll need my cars and my trucks and my airplanes and my books," said Mark.

Mark's mother was at the telephone when he went into the house.

"Yes," she was saying, "please try to find our boy Mark. He ran away from home, and I miss him very much. I have nobody to talk to or work with or play with. Our baby is too little, you see."



"He's too little to eat the apple pie I made for Mark and he's too little to do things for me.

"And what will we all do tomorrow? We need our big boy to help us at the picnic. If Mark isn't here, a picnic won't be any fun. We'll have to call it off . . ."

Mark dropped the suitcase.
"You don't have to call off the picnic,
Mom," he cried, as he ran to hug her.
"I'm back."



Little

I am the sister of him
And he is my brother.
He is too little for us
To talk to each other.

So every morning I show him
My doll and my book;
But every morning he still is
Too little to look.

— DOROTHY ALDIS



Time for Exploring

Jimmy Tatoosh and Mary Tatoosh were late for school.

“Why didn’t you come on the school bus?” asked Miss Winn.

Jimmy Tatoosh looked down at his feet.

Mary Tatoosh looked at her brother. Then they both looked at their hands.

“Have you found something to show us?” asked Miss Winn.

Jimmy put a shell on Miss Winn's desk. Then Mary put a shell on Miss Winn's desk.

"Thank you," said Miss Winn.

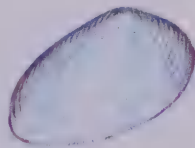
She showed the shells to the class. "What do you call this shell?" asked Miss Winn.

"It's an oyster shell," said Jimmy.



"It's very pretty," said Miss Winn. "What do you call your shell, Mary?"

"It's a clam shell," said Mary. "We eat the clams that are in the shells."



"I like to eat clams too," said Miss Winn. "And oysters."

Miss Winn put the oyster shell and the clam shell in a glass of water and put the glass on her desk for all the boys and girls to see.

Jimmy and Mary were still looking at their hands.

"Have you something else to show us?" asked Miss Winn.

Jimmy Tatoosh put a small green stone on Miss Winn's desk. Then Mary Tatoosh put a small green stone on Miss Winn's desk.



"What pretty stones!" said Miss Winn.

"We found them in the sand," said Jimmy. "They are jade. My father cuts them with a saw. Then they are made into rings and pins."

Jimmy and Mary sat down.

Miss Winn looked at the oyster shell and the clam shell in the glass. She looked at the small green stones.

"Thank you, Jimmy and Mary. The shells and the stones are beautiful," she said. To the boys and girls she said, "Maybe Jimmy and Mary will take us with them some day when they go exploring."

"Today, today," begged the children.

"Please, may we go now? Today?"

"Not today," said Miss Winn. "We are late starting our work today. If we do not start on time, we cannot finish in time to go exploring."



The next morning Jimmy Tatoosh and Mary Tatoosh were at school on time. All the other children were on time too.

“This is a good morning,” said Miss Winn.

The children worked hard that morning. And they worked hard that afternoon. Until recess time.

After recess Miss Winn said, “Now is a good time to go exploring.”

Jimmy and Mary showed Miss Winn and all the boys and girls where the pretty shells were. They showed them where they could find pretty stones. Each boy and girl found something to take home.

The children thanked Mary and Jimmy for taking them to find the shells and stones.

Mary said, "I liked this school day. I liked its beginning and I liked its ending."

"On Saturday," said Jimmy, "we can go exploring again."

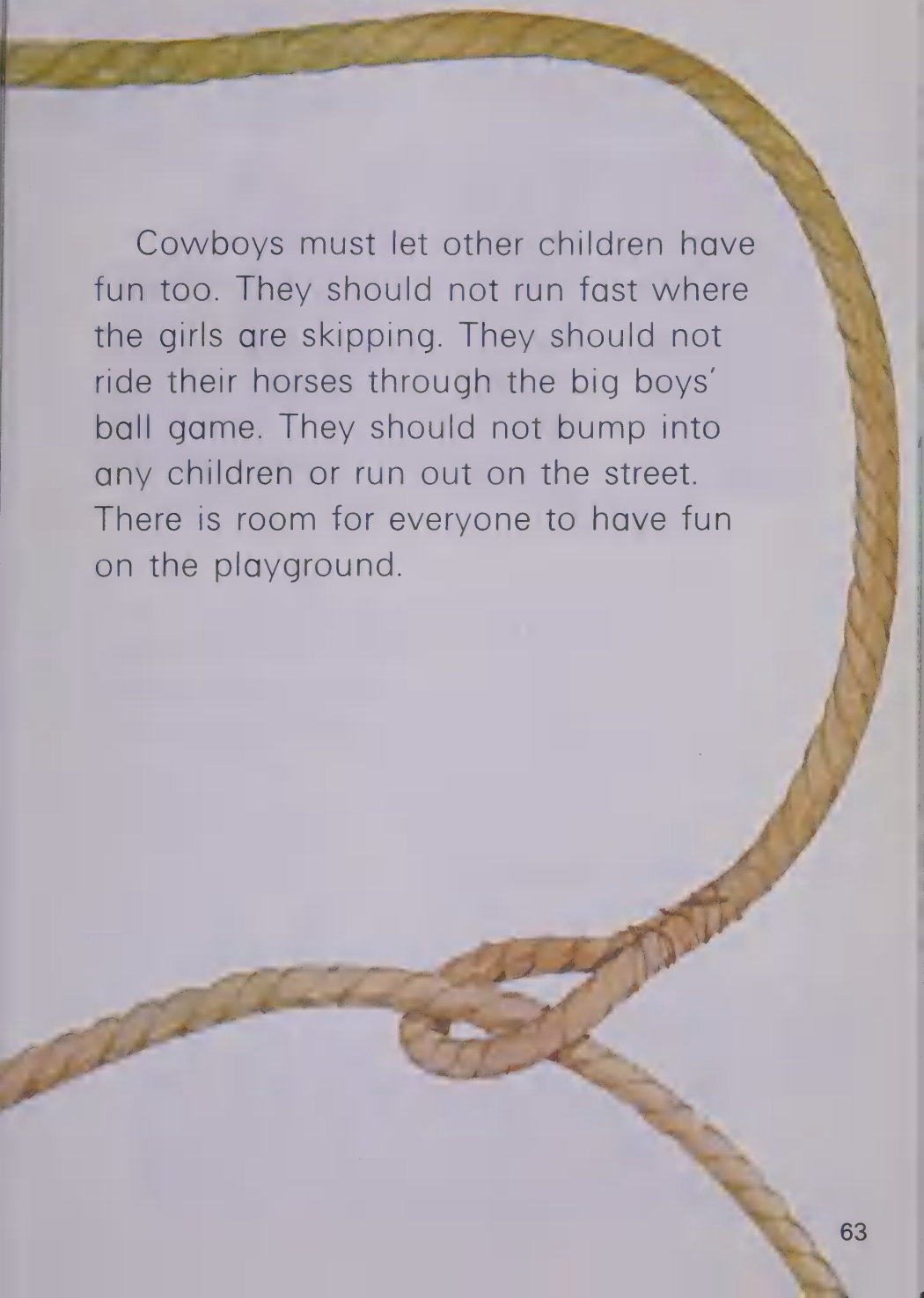




Playing Cowboys at School

Boys like to play cowboys at school. They play cowboys at recess. They bring their cowboy hats to school. They pretend that they look like cowboys. They bring sticks to school. They pretend that they ride horses.

Sometimes they ride too fast and then they fall. This isn't any fun, but the cowboys don't seem to mind. Sometimes they tear their clothes when they fall. This is not any fun for their mothers. Sometimes they spoil the games of other children. This is not any fun for the other children.



Cowboys must let other children have fun too. They should not run fast where the girls are skipping. They should not ride their horses through the big boys' ball game. They should not bump into any children or run out on the street. There is room for everyone to have fun on the playground.



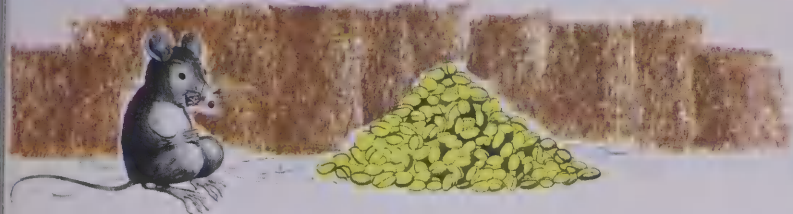
The Little Pile of Wheat

In a big red barn there was a little pile of wheat.

One day, a white rabbit came along—hop, hop, hop.

He saw the wheat.

“Oh, how I want this little pile of wheat,” he said. “But how can I take it home to my burrow?” And he sat and looked at the little pile of wheat.

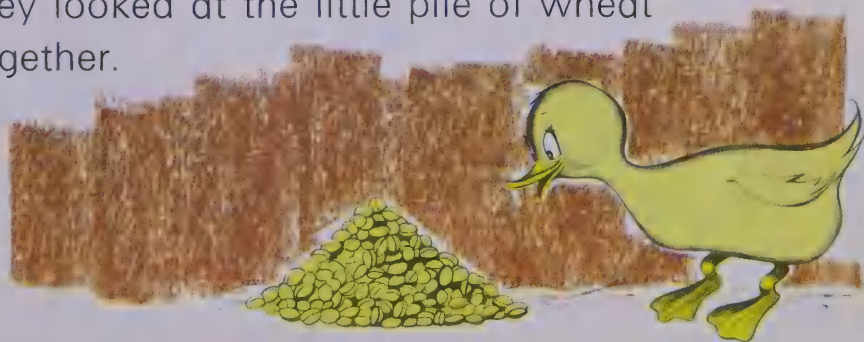


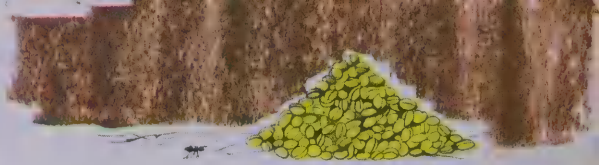
Soon, a gray mouse ran up — squeak, squeak, squeak — and he saw the wheat too.

“Oh, how I want this little pile of wheat,” he said. “But how can I take it home to my nest?” And he sat by the white rabbit, and they looked at the little pile of wheat together.

Then a big yellow duck came — quack, quack, quack. He saw the wheat, and he saw the white rabbit and the gray mouse.

“Oh, how I want this little pile of wheat,” he said. “But how can I take it home to my pond?” And he sat by the white rabbit and the gray mouse, and they looked at the little pile of wheat together.





Then a wee black ant ran into the big red barn.

“Oh, what a fine pile of wheat,” said the wee black ant. “I will help to take it home to our hill!”

When the rabbit and the mouse and the duck saw the wee black ant, they laughed and they laughed and they laughed.

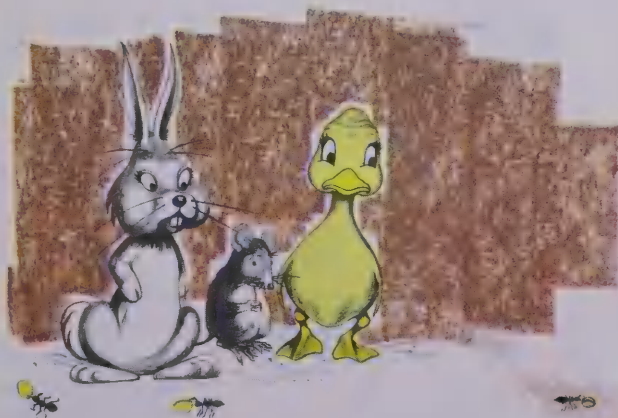
“Look at the wee black ant,” they laughed. “He thinks he can take the little pile of wheat home to his hill. He is so little. Why does he think he can do something that we cannot do?”



But the wee black ant ran away to find all his friends from the hill. All his friends came back with him to help. Each black ant pulled and pushed his grain of wheat along the road to the ant hill. The wee black ant came last with the last grain of wheat. In this way, the ants took the little pile of wheat home to the hill.

The rabbit looked at the mouse and the mouse looked at the duck and the duck looked at the rabbit.

“Why did we not think of working together?” they asked with surprise.



Bobby's Very Own

Bobby wanted a puppy very much. He wanted one for his birthday. Every day he asked his mother and father if his birthday present would be a puppy.

When Bobby's birthday came, he was up early in the morning. He looked all over the house. There was no puppy!

Then he ran outside. There was a basket. In the basket was a black, wiggly puppy!

Bobby picked him up and hugged him. "You are my puppy," he said, "my very own puppy."



"You will have to give your puppy a name," said Bobby's sister Karen.

Bobby thought about names. Bill? Laddie? Spot? But Bobby didn't like any of them.

"Look at the puppy," said Karen after breakfast. "He tags after Bobby all the time."

"I know!" said Bobby. "I'll call him Tag!"

Bobby and Tag played together all morning. After lunch they went for a walk. When they came back, Tag lay down on his mat and went to sleep.

"While Tag is sleeping, may I play your record player, please?" Bobby asked Karen.

"All right," said Karen, "if you're careful with it."

"I will be," said Bobby. He got out his own little records and played them.





The next day Karen asked, "May I take Tag out for a walk?"

"No," said Bobby. "He's my dog. He's my very own puppy."

"Then don't forget," said Father, "you will have to feed your very own puppy, get up early to let him out, give him a bath when he needs one, and see that he doesn't dig up Mother's flowers."

"I will, Dad," said Bobby.

But one day Bobby was in a hurry and called to Karen, "Please feed Tag for me, Karen."

"No," said Karen. "Tag is all yours, so you must feed him."

Later, Mother called Bobby in from the yard where he was playing ball.

"Tag needs a bath today," she said.

"Oh," said Bobby. "Will you give him his bath for me?"

"No," said Mother. "He is your very own puppy, all yours!"

So Bobby had to give Tag his bath. Soon he heard Karen playing records.



"When you are dry," Bobby said to Tag, "I will play some records for you. Will you like that?"

Tag wagged his tail.

"May I play my records?" Bobby asked Karen.

"No," said Karen. "This is my very own record player."

Bobby looked surprised. He went off to find Mother.

"Karen won't let me play her record player," said Bobby.

"I wonder why," said Mother.

"Can't you make her?" asked Bobby.

"No," said Mother. "It's Karen's record player. And she shared it with you before Tag came."

"Then why won't she share it now?" asked Bobby.

"Do you share your things with Karen?" asked Mother.

"I haven't anything Karen wants . . . " began Bobby.

Just then Tag barked.

"Well . . . only Tag, . . . " said Bobby.

"Well, only Tag," smiled Mother.

Bobby and Tag went down the hall to Karen's room. She was still playing records.

Bobby said, "If you want to take Tag for a walk sometime, you may."

"How come?" asked Karen.

"Well . . . I was thinking," said Bobby.

"If I want to play your record player, I have to let you take Tag out sometimes. O.K. if I play some records now?"

"O.K.," smiled Karen.



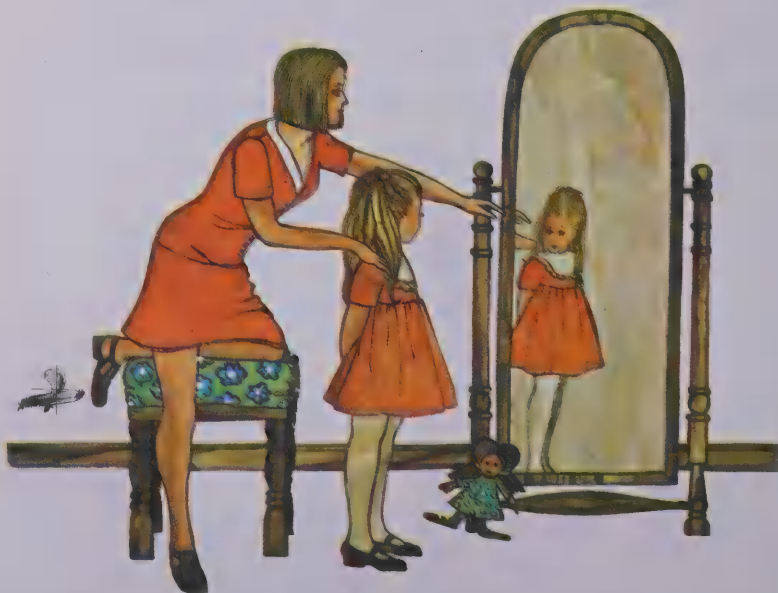
The Prettiest Dress in the World

Joan said, "Mother, I want a new dress. My old dresses aren't pretty."

Mother said, "Oh, Joan, Joan! You have some pretty dresses! And I just made you a new dress."

"Yes, I know," Joan said. "But I don't think it's pretty."

"Oh, dear," Mother said. "Why not? I think it is. You said it was pretty when I made it."



"I know," Joan said. "But I want a new dress like Elena's. She has the prettiest dress in the world."

"Who is Elena?" asked Joan's mother. "I don't know her."

Joan said, "Elena is a new girl at school. She came yesterday. She has the prettiest dress in the world. Oh, Mother, I would like a dress like Elena's!"

"I see," Joan's mother said. "Where did Elena come from?"

"I don't know," Joan said. "She came from far away. She can't talk the same way we do. But she's my new friend. I like Elena, and I like her dress. It's the prettiest dress in the world!"

"I see," Joan's mother said again. "Isn't it nice to have a new friend from far away? Let's go to see Elena's mother. I want to see that pretty dress."

So Joan and her mother went to Elena's.

Elena's mother came to the door. She said, "You come in, yes? My Elena has told me about you. I am happy to see you."

Joan's mother said, "We're happy, too. We like to have new neighbors."

They went into the house.

Joan's mother said, "May we see Elena's dress? The one that Joan is always talking about? Joan thinks it's the prettiest dress in the world!"

Elena's mother laughed and laughed. She said, "My Elena's dress is pretty! But my Elena says Joan's dress is so pretty! She says Joan's dress is the prettiest dress in the world! It is a Canadian dress. I see, I see. It is very pretty."

Elena came into the room.



"Oh!" said Joan's mother. "Now I see. That's a very, very pretty dress! But I can't make a dress like that!"

Elena's mother said, "My Elena wants a dress like Joan's. She wants a pretty Canadian dress."



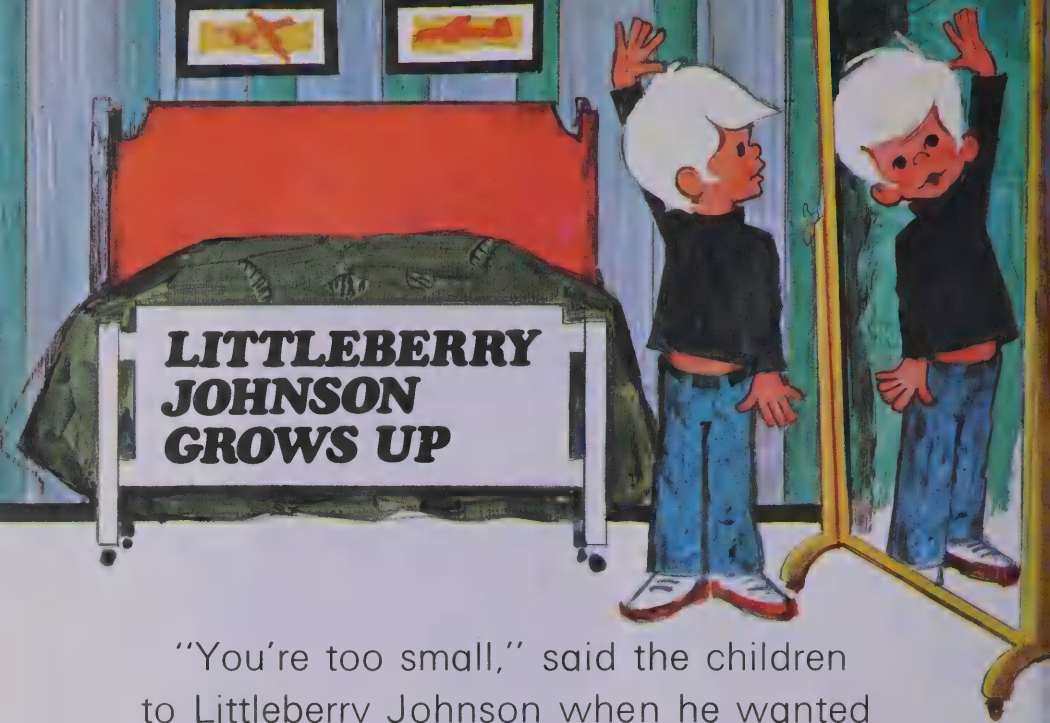
Elena said to Joan, "Come, come!" They ran out of the room. Their mothers could hear them giggling. Soon they came back again. Joan had on Elena's dress, and Elena had on Joan's dress.

"Well!" said Joan's mother.

"So!" said Elena's mother.

"How pretty you look," they both said.





"You're too small," said the children to Littleberry Johnson when he wanted to play with them.

"I'm not," said Littleberry Johnson, standing on his toes.

"You are!" said the children. And away they ran, leaving Littleberry Johnson to play alone.

One day he looked into the mirror to see how much he had grown since breakfast. But he looked just the same — not a bit bigger.



He looked into the closet at the shoes and hats and coats of his three big brothers. Suddenly he had an idea. And for the first time that day he smiled.

He took off his shoes and put on a pair of stockings that came up above his knees. Then a second pair over the first pair. And a third pair over the second!

Over the stockings he put a pair of slippers. Over the slippers he put a pair of shoes. Over the shoes he put a pair of overshoes. And over them all he put a pair of rubber boots!

Next came the pants. He put on one pair, then another and another and another.

Next came the shirts — one, two, three shirts. Then — one, two, three sweaters. A bathrobe. Two jackets. And two long coats that came down to his ankles.

Around his neck he put a yellow scarf and a blue scarf and a brown scarf.

On his head he put two hats. Then he put on his dad's big fur hat and tied it under his chin with a red scarf.

He put three pair of mitts on his hands. Then Littleberry Johnson looked into the mirror. What he saw was enough to frighten anyone.

"Too small?" smiled Littleberry.

He slowly walked downstairs and out the door. "I'll show them!" he said.



"What's your name?" asked the children as they ran to meet the biggest boy they had ever seen.

"Grumph-umph-bumphson," mumbled Littleberry Johnson in his deepest voice.

"Oh," they said. "Oh, what a name!"

Littleberry Johnson nodded his head.

"Grumph," he said. "Umph-bumph . . ."

"We're going to have a race to the old mill," said the children. "Come on!"

"Well . . .," mumbled Littleberry Johnson. "I don't know. I'm too big to be playing with such small boys and girls."

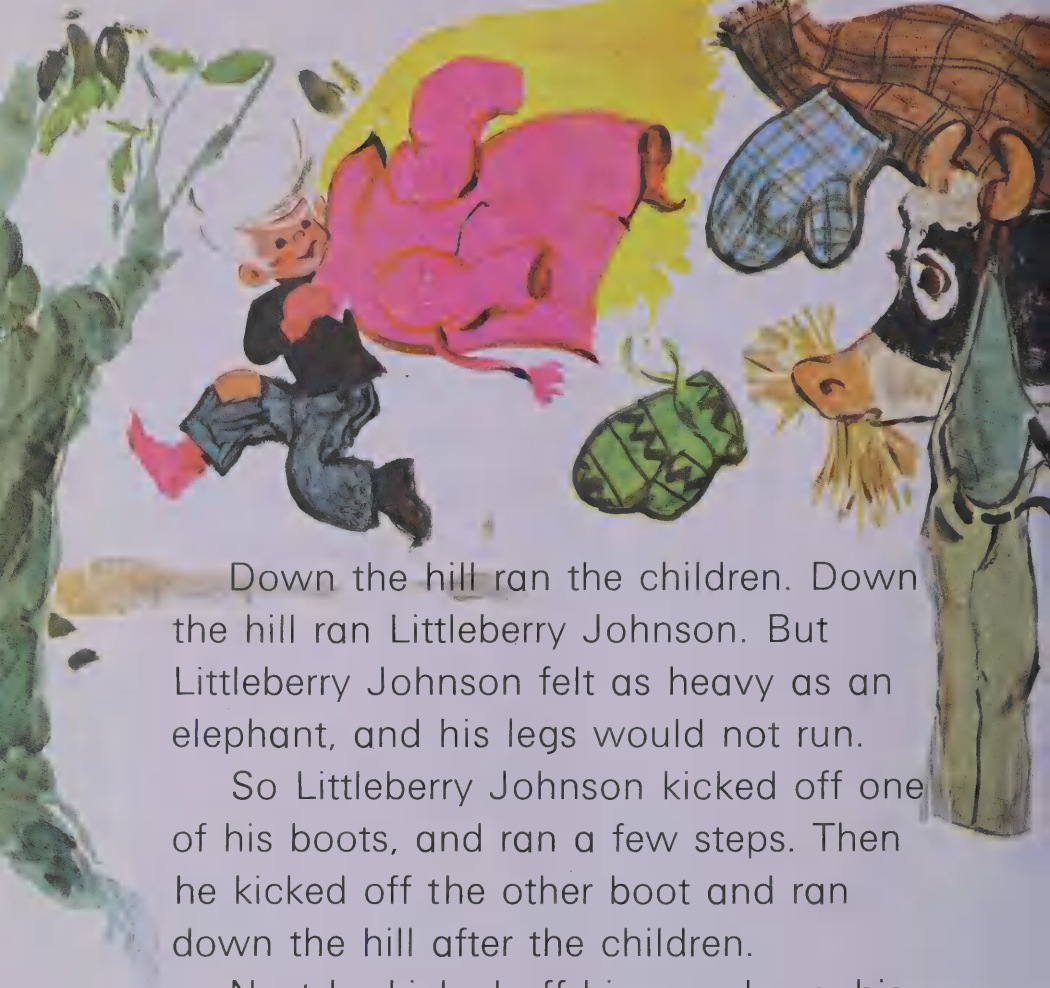
"Please," they begged. "Please play with us." And they pulled him by the coat sleeve.

"Well . . .," mumbled Littleberry Johnson. "Just this once!"

"All right!" shouted the children.

"Ready — set — go!"



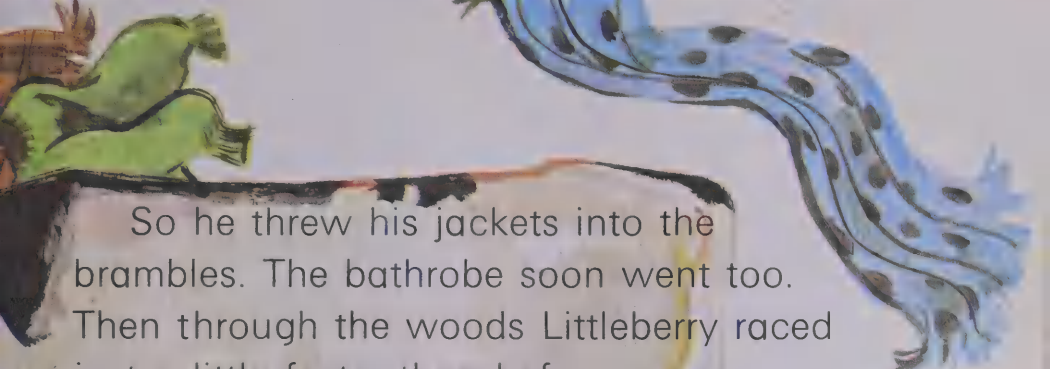


Down the hill ran the children. Down the hill ran Littleberry Johnson. But Littleberry Johnson felt as heavy as an elephant, and his legs would not run.

So Littleberry Johnson kicked off one of his boots, and ran a few steps. Then he kicked off the other boot and ran down the hill after the children.

Next he kicked off his overshoes, his shoes, and slippers. But he still could not run very fast. So off went his coats, and down the hill ran Littleberry.

But as fast as he ran, the other children ran faster.



So he threw his jackets into the
brambles. The bathrobe soon went too.
Then through the woods Littleberry raced
just a little faster than before.


One by one he tossed off the sweaters
and the shirts and the scarfs and the three
pairs of mitts. Off came the three hats.

He left two pair of pants on the
fence. He threw another pair onto the
horns of a cow. He threw the last pair
into an apple tree.

And Littleberry Johnson raced after
the children. He ran faster than he had
ever run before.

He ran over the stepping stones of
the stream, over the bridge on the river,
and up the road to the mill. One
by one he passed the other children.

When he got to the mill, Littleberry
Johnson stopped. He stood with his
hands on his hips.



"Well?" he said as the children raced down the hill and stopped before him.

"I thought you would never get here."

"Littleberry Johnson!" cried the children. "What are you doing here? Where did you come from?"

But all that Littleberry would say was: "Grumph-umph-bumphson!" in his deepest voice.

"Littleberry Johnson!" said the children, walking around him, and looking up and down at him.

"But where is the rest of you? How did you get so big and then so small again?"

"Come with me," laughed Littleberry Johnson.

Back they ran to where the pants hung in the apple tree. They took the next pair of pants from the horns of the cow and the others from the fence.

Bit by bit they found the shirts and the sweaters and the bathrobe and the jackets and the coats and the hats and the scarfs and the mitts and the shoes.

Littleberry Johnson put them all on.

Then, standing stiff and straight and bigger than any of the other boys and girls, he smiled.

"Too small?" asked Littleberry Johnson.

"No! Oh, no!" said the boys and girls.

They joined hands and danced around the biggest boy of all.

And that is how Littleberry Johnson grew up.



Ask Mr. Bear

Once there was a boy named Danny. One day Danny's mother had a birthday.

Danny said to himself, "What shall I give my mother for her birthday?"

So Danny started out to see what he could find. He walked along, and he met a Hen.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hen," said Danny. "Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?"

"Cluck, cluck," said the Hen. "I can give you a nice fresh egg for your mother's birthday."

"Thank you," said Danny, "but she has an egg."

"Let's see what we can find then," said the Hen.



So Danny and the Hen skipped along until they met a Goose.

"Good morning, Mrs. Goose," said Danny. "Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?"

"Honk, honk," said the Goose. "I can give you some nice feathers to make a fine pillow for your mother's birthday."

"Thank you," said Danny, "but she has a pillow."

"Let's see what we can find then," said the Goose.



So Danny and the Hen and the Goose all hopped along until they met a Goat.

"Good morning, Mrs. Goat," said Danny. "Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?"

"Maa, maa," said the Goat. "I can give you milk for making cheese."

"Thank you," said Danny, "but she has some cheese."

"Let's see what we can find then," said the Goat.



So Danny and the Hen and the Goose and the Goat all galloped along until they met a Sheep.

"Good morning, Mrs. Sheep," said Danny. "Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?"

"Baa, baa," said the Sheep. "I can give you some wool to make a warm blanket for your mother's birthday."

"Thank you," said Danny, "but she has a blanket."

"Let's see what we can find then," said the Sheep.



So Danny and the Hen and the Goose and the Goat and the Sheep all trotted along until they met a Cow.

"Good morning, Mrs. Cow," said Danny. "Can you give me something for my mother's birthday?"

"Moo, moo," said the Cow. "I can give you some milk and cream."

"Thank you," said Danny, "but she has some milk and cream."

"Then ask Mr. Bear," said the Cow.
"He lives in the woods over the hill."
"All right," said Danny, "let's go and
ask Mr. Bear."
"No," said the Hen.
"No," said the Goose.
"No," said the Goat.
"No," said the Sheep.
"No — no," said the Cow.



So Danny went alone to find Mr. Bear. He ran and he ran until he came to the hill, and he walked and he walked until he came to the woods and there he met — Mr. Bear.

“Good morning, Mr. Bear,” said Danny. “Can you give me something for my mother’s birthday?”

“Hum, hum,” said the Bear. “I have nothing to give you for your mother’s birthday, but I can tell you something you can give her.”

So Mr. Bear whispered a secret in Danny’s ear.

“Oh,” said Danny. “Thank you, Mr. Bear!”





Then he ran through the woods and he skipped down the hill and he came to his house.

"Guess what I have for your birthday!" Danny said to his mother.

So his mother tried to guess.

"Is it an egg?"

"No, it isn't an egg," said Danny.

"Is it a pillow?"

"No, it isn't a pillow," said Danny.

"Is it a cheese?"

"No, it isn't a cheese," said Danny.

"Is it a blanket?"

"No, it isn't a blanket," said Danny.

"Is it milk or cream?"

"No, it isn't milk or cream," said Danny.

His mother could not guess at all. So — Danny gave his mother a Big Birthday Bear Hug.





The New Neighbor

Have you had your tonsils out?
Do you go to school?
Do you know that there are frogs
Down by the Willow Pool?

Are you good at cricket?
Have you got a bat?
Do you know the proper way
To feed a white rat?

Are there any apples
On your apple tree?
Do you think your mother
Will ask me in to tea?

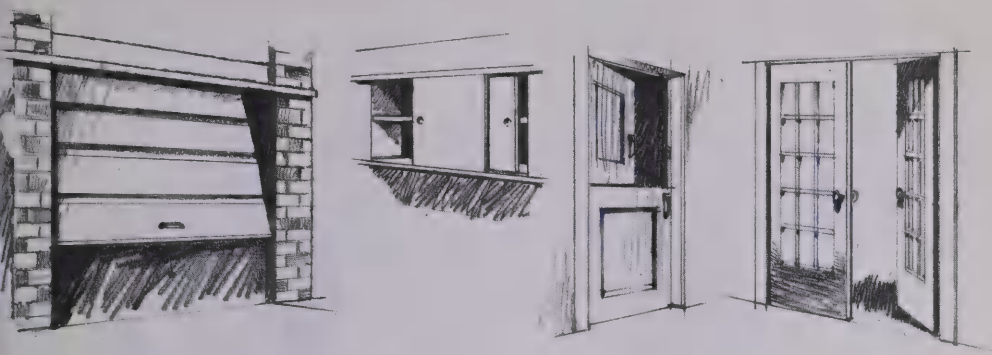
— ROSE FYLEMAN



Living with Others







Doors

Doors! Doors! Doors!
So many kinds of doors!

Some doors are big and wide.
They have no doorbells,
But when a bell rings, children go inside.
These doors are school doors.



Some doors open when you press
a button.

Up we go or down

In big stores,

or hotels,

or apartments.

These are elevator doors.



Some doors stand wide open.

Something red shines inside.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Out it comes through the open doors!

These are firehall doors.

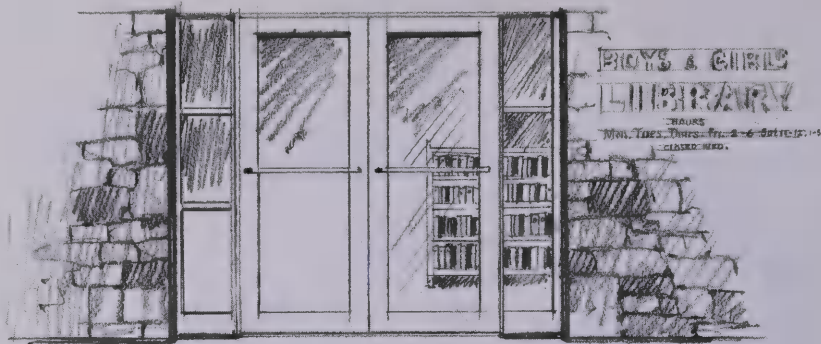


Through other doors people go
to worship.
They go quietly.
The air inside is filled with music.
These are the church doors.



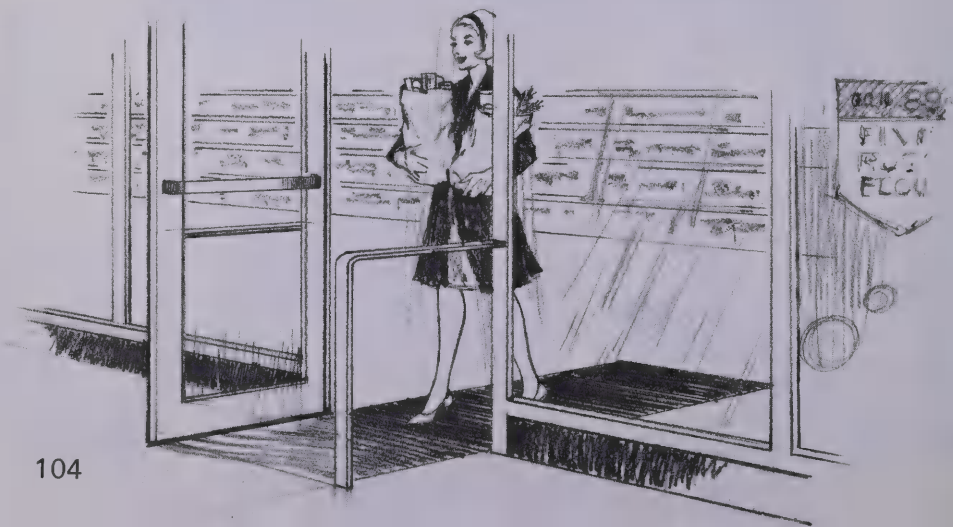
Some doors are like merry-go-rounds.
Wheee! Around we go!
Oops! We forgot to step out!
These are revolving doors.

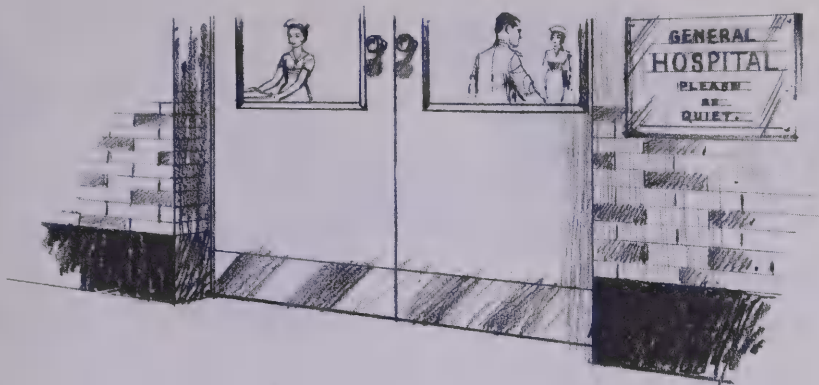




Some doors open into storyland.
 Shhh! Walk in softly
 And read about kittens or kinkajous
 or kings.
 These are the library doors.

Some doors are magic!
 We push our grocery carts up to them.
 Swoosh! They swing open.
 They are supermarket doors.

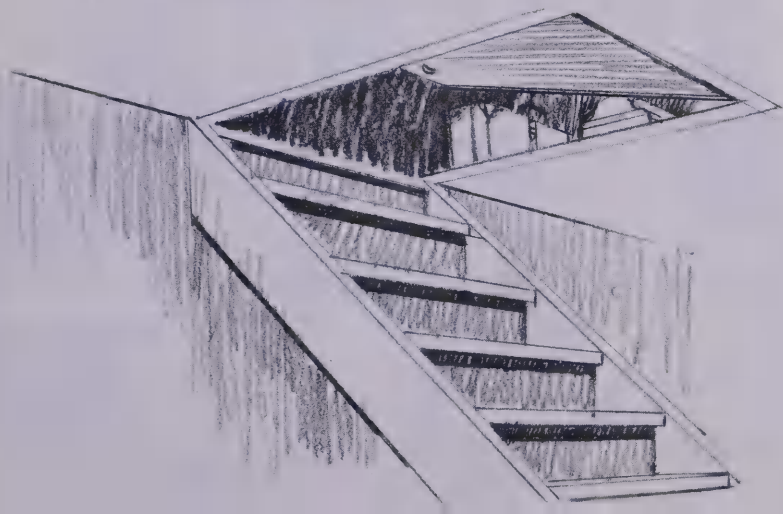




On some doors a sign reads
"Quiet, please."

Through them we see doctors
and nurses hurrying by.
There is a clean smell inside.
They are hospital doors.

At Grandma's there is a trap door.
It is away up the stairs.
When it opens we have wonderful fun.
It's the attic door.



The door I love best is green.
It's easy to open, and Mom and Dad
are inside.
It is the best door in the world.
It's the door of my home.





Books for Everyone

Very young boys and girls can't read, but they like books. They like to look at pictures in books. They like their mothers and fathers to read to them.

Boys and girls in Grade One are learning to read. They like to read books themselves but they still like to have books read to them. The teacher reads to them. Mothers and fathers read to them.

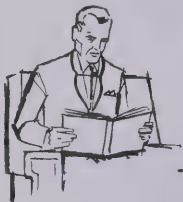


Grown-ups can read very well. They read many kinds of books. Mothers read books about babies and flowers and cooking. Fathers read books about their work. Teachers read books about schools and children.

The man at the garage reads a book about cars.



The doctor reads a book about making you well.



The farmer reads a book about his animals.



And everyone reads books for fun.

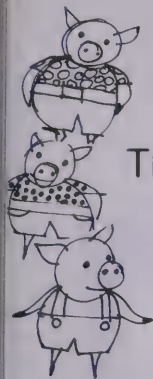
So many people need books to read!

Where can they get them?

At the library, of course.

The library has books for everyone.

There are books for grown-ups and books for children. There are books to look at and books to read.

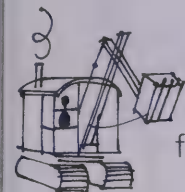


There is one

for the very small girl who wants
to see Little Miss Muffet,



for the very small boy who wants
to see The Three Little Pigs,



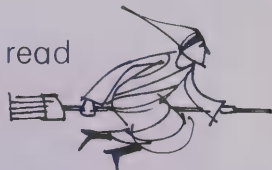
for the little girl who wants to read
a funny story about a dog,



for the little boy who wants to read
a story about a steam shovel,



for the girl who wants to read
about an old witch,

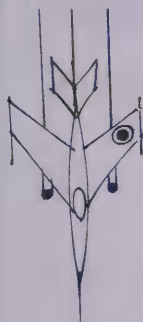


for the boy who wants to read
about a brave policeman,

for the girl who wants to find out
how to make a dress for her doll,



for the boy who wants to know
about airplanes,

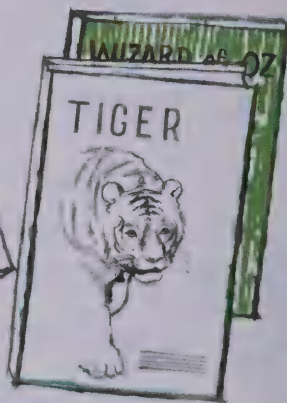


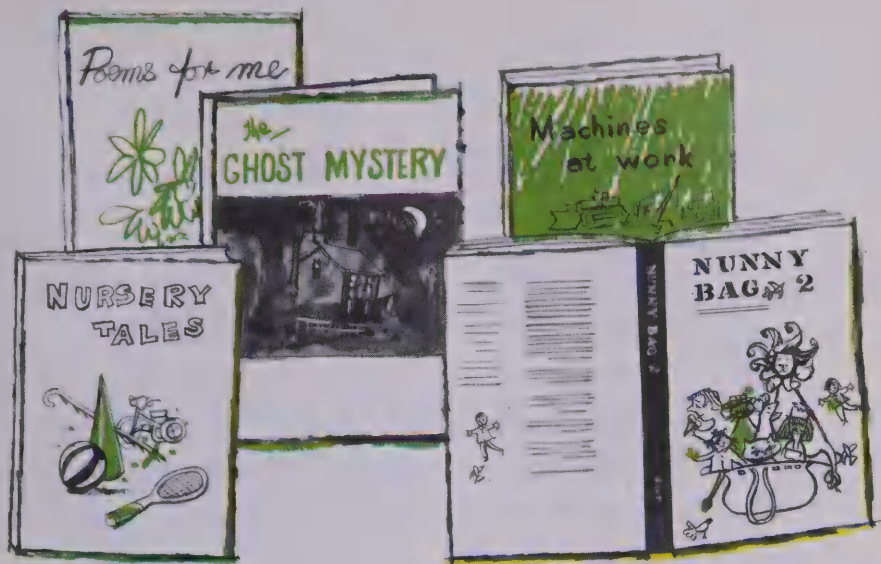
for mothers and fathers who want
to read to their children,

for children who want to read to
their mothers and fathers.

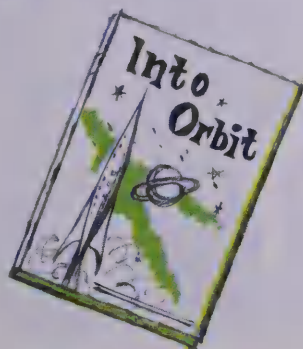


And there is one for you.





Which one would you choose?

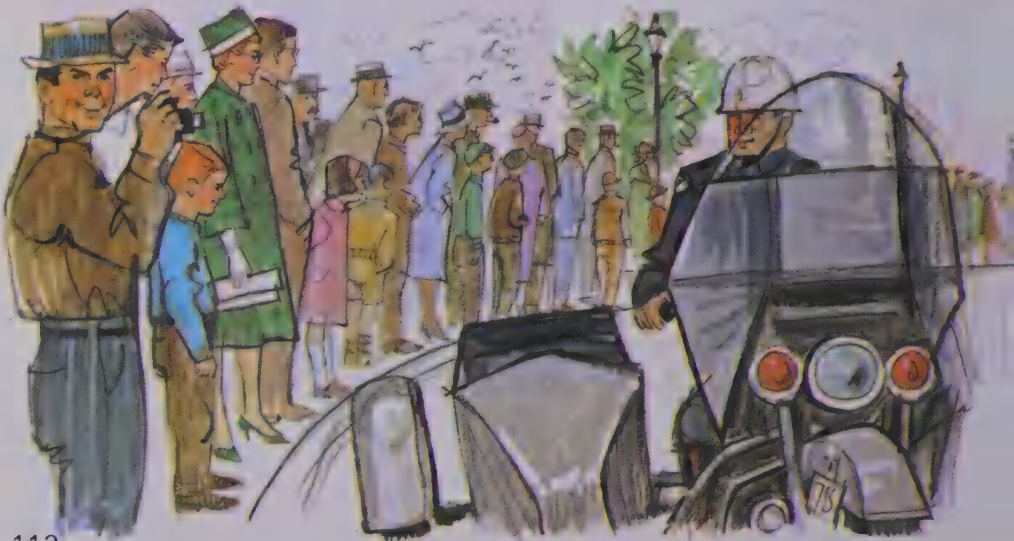


The Big Parade

Ken and his mother came to the city on a bus. They came to see the big parade.

They came early and found a good place to stand. Soon the street was crowded with people, but Ken was right in the front.

A policeman on a motorcycle came slowly by. He moved the people back off the street. Ken did not want to move back.



"The policeman must keep the people off the street," said Mother. "It must be clear for the parade."

Very soon some clowns came along. One of them looked funny. One of them looked sad. One of them talked to Ken and made him laugh.



Once again the policeman on his motorcycle came slowly by. "Keep back off the street, please," he said.

Ken did not want to keep back.

Again Mother said, "The policeman can't let people stand in the street. Soon everyone would be there. Then no one could see the parade."

The parade went on and on.

Ken liked the policemen in the red coats. He liked their coats and their hats and their horses. He jumped up and down and shouted when they went by.

Ken liked the bands and the floats. Best of all he liked the bagpipes.

It was a wonderful parade.





"Come along, Ken," said Mother.
"We'll hurry to catch our bus, and then
you can tell me what you liked best."

Mother led the way through the
crowd. Ken had to let go of her hand
when too many people crowded around
him. But he followed right behind her
green coat.

At the corner, the green coat stopped. So did Ken. He looked up to ask, "Are we at the bus station now, Mother?"

The lady in the green coat was not his mother.

"Where did my mother go?" asked Ken. "I was following her. She has a green coat like yours."



Just then the policeman came by on his motorcycle.

The lady in the green coat stopped him. "This little boy has lost his mother," she said.



"We'll soon find her," said the policeman to Ken. "You hop in here and help me look. Can you tell me your name and where you live?"

"Of course," said Ken, and he did. "But we live a long way from here," he said. "We were going to catch a bus to take us home."

"Then we'll ride slowly along the street to the bus station," said the policeman. "And I'll tell the other policemen about you."

He picked up his microphone and talked to someone in the police station. Ken heard him say, "... and please tell Ken's mother that we'll go to the bus station."



But Ken was shouting, "There's my mother! There she is! She's looking for me! Mother! Mother!"

"Good boy, Ken," said the policeman, as he stopped his motorcycle. "We'll hurry to catch her." To the crowd he said, "Please let us through, everybody. We have to catch up to a lost mother."

But by this time the lost mother was running to them.



"Oh, Mother," said Ken, when he was in her arms, "I'm glad the policeman came by this time. He helped me to find you."



Fire! Fire!

One day Bill was alone on the farm. His mother had been gone all afternoon. His father was working away out in the field. Bill had no one to talk to and no one to play with.

"I'll try to think of something that I really like to do," he said. "I know what! I'll play Forest Ranger."

Bill had seen the Forest Rangers on television looking out for forest fires. He liked to play Forest Ranger in his house in the apple tree.

"I must try to look like a Forest Ranger," said Bill. "I'll need my field glasses and a hat. I guess my cowboy hat will do." He put on his cowboy hat and climbed into the tree house.



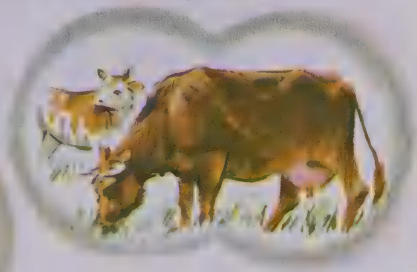
It was fall, and the apples were turning red. "I'll try an apple," thought Bill. So he picked one and took a big bite. It was just right for eating.

A fat caterpillar was climbing up the tree. When Bill looked at him through his field glasses, the caterpillar looked as big as a dragon! "I wish I had something to keep you in, dragon," Bill said.



With his field glasses, Bill looked all around at the farms and the trees. "I must try to spot those forest fires," he said.

He saw a kitten trying to catch a butterfly. He saw cows eating grass in Mr. Brown's field.



He saw smoke behind the trees on Mr. Brown's farm. Was it a fire?

"No," said Bill. "It can't be a fire. There's never a fire when I'm a Forest Ranger."

He looked over the other way and saw his father picking orange pumpkins. He saw a girl playing with her dog, too.





Then he looked back at Mr. Brown's farm.

There was more smoke now, and, as he looked, he could see fire, too. The wind was making it burn fast.

"That is a fire, and it's not far from Mr. Brown's house!" said Bill. "But I don't see Mr. Brown. I must get help. It will take too long to get my father. I'll call the firemen myself."

Bill had been told how to call the firemen, so he knew what to do. "Come to Mr. Brown's," he said. "Mr. Brown's field is on fire!"



The Fire Chief was surprised to hear Bill. "You aren't playing a game, are you, Bill?" he asked. "If you are, we will be cross."

"No, no!" Bill said. "This is a real fire. Please come right away!"

Then Bill ran to tell his father, too. "There's a fire at Mr. Brown's," he told him. "I saw it and I called the firemen."

"Good boy!" said his father. "Now let's go over and see if we can help."





When they got to Mr. Brown's, the firemen were putting out the fire.

"As I was burning leaves," said Mr. Brown, "the grass caught fire. I didn't have time to run for help. But who told you about the fire?" he asked the firemen.

"Bill called us," said the Fire Chief.

"I saw the fire when I was playing Forest Ranger," Bill said.

"Thank you, Bill," Mr. Brown said. "You may have saved my house."

"You were a good Forest Ranger, Bill," said the Chief.

Then the Fire Chief looked at Bill's cowboy hat. "A real Forest Ranger needs a real fire hat when he is at a fire," he said. "Let's see how you look in this one."

Bill looked proud.

And so did Bill's dad!



Kim's Popcorn Whistle

"May I blow my whistle now?" asked Kim.

"No," said his father. "It makes too much noise in the car."

"When may I blow it?" asked Kim.

"Soon," said his father. "We are in Jasper Park now. Watch for a good place to eat, Kim. We will stop to eat supper, and then you may blow your whistle."

It was a green whistle. Kim had got it from a popcorn box, and he had it on a string around his neck.



"There's a good place, Daddy!"
said Kim.

"Yes," said his father. "That is a good place." He stopped the car, and they all got out.

There were tables beside a little stream, not far from the road.

Kim ran down a grassy hill that went right to the edge of the forest. The grass was cool against his legs. As Kim ran, he felt like a ship sailing through a cool sea. He blew his whistle so that other ships would get out of his way.



“Whooee!” he blew, as he ran back up the hill.

“What a noisy whistle!” said his mother.

“It’s a foghorn,” said Kim. “I’m a ship with a foghorn.”

“Ahoy, there!” called his father.

“Don’t sail your ship too far away. We will eat soon.”

“Whooee!” Kim blew. “You’ll know where I am by my foghorn whistle.”

“Fine,” said his father. “One blow means all is well. Three blows mean trouble.”

“I’ll remember,” said Kim, and he sailed his ship down the hill again.

Then he saw them! Beautiful orange and yellow flowers, just up ahead near the forest. “I’ll pick some for a surprise for Mother,” he thought. “She likes flowers.”



Kim ran down a path to pick the flowers.

"Ahoy!" called his father.

"Whooee! I'm not far away," called Kim.

He picked the orange and yellow flowers and went on to pick some blue ones. Two squirrels ran by him up the path. Kim laughed and ran after them.



“Kree! Kree!” sang a bird. “Kree!”
It seemed to be saying, “You can’t find
me. You can’t find me.” Kim looked all
around, but he couldn’t find the bird.

Then Kim noticed something. All
around him were big, tall trees, and
over them the sky was getting dark.
Kim looked for the path. The path was
not there! He had gone too far!

“Daddy! Mommy!” he called. He ran
first one way, then another. Only the
bird said, “Kree! Kree! Kree!”



"Whooo," moaned a sad voice.

Kim jumped, and dropped the flowers.
"What's that? Oh! Are you an owl?"
he asked.

"Whoooo! Whoooo!"

Kim began walking again. At last he found a path. He began to run, "Daddy! Mommy!" he called. He ran and ran until he could run no more. He sat down by a tree. The night voices of the forest frightened him, and he was hungry. "I want something to eat," he said. "And I'm cold."



“Daddy! Mommy!” he sobbed, as he tried to pull down the sleeves of his T shirt. His hand touched something cold. His whistle!

“Three times means trouble,” he remembered.

“Whooee! Whooee! Whooee!” went the whistle. Some twigs cracked. Then it was quiet.

“Whooooee! Whooooee! Whooooee!” Kim blew even harder.

Then, “Beep! beep! beep!” came another whistle from far away.



"Whooooeee! Whooooeee! Whooooeee!"
Kim whistled back.

"Beep! Beep! Beep!" The sound
was coming closer and closer.

At last a light shone on Kim. "Hi,
young fellow," said a man's voice.

"I'm a Park Warden. Are you Kim?"

"Yes." said Kim. "And I'm lost."

"I know," said the Park Warden. "Your
mother and father asked me to help
find you."



Kim felt warm and safe as the Park Warden carried him through the dark forest, to his mother and father.

"I'm sorry I lost your surprise," he said to his mother.

"You are the only surprise I want," his mother said. "And that green whistle has the best sound I've ever heard."

Kim and his mother and father thanked the Park Warden.

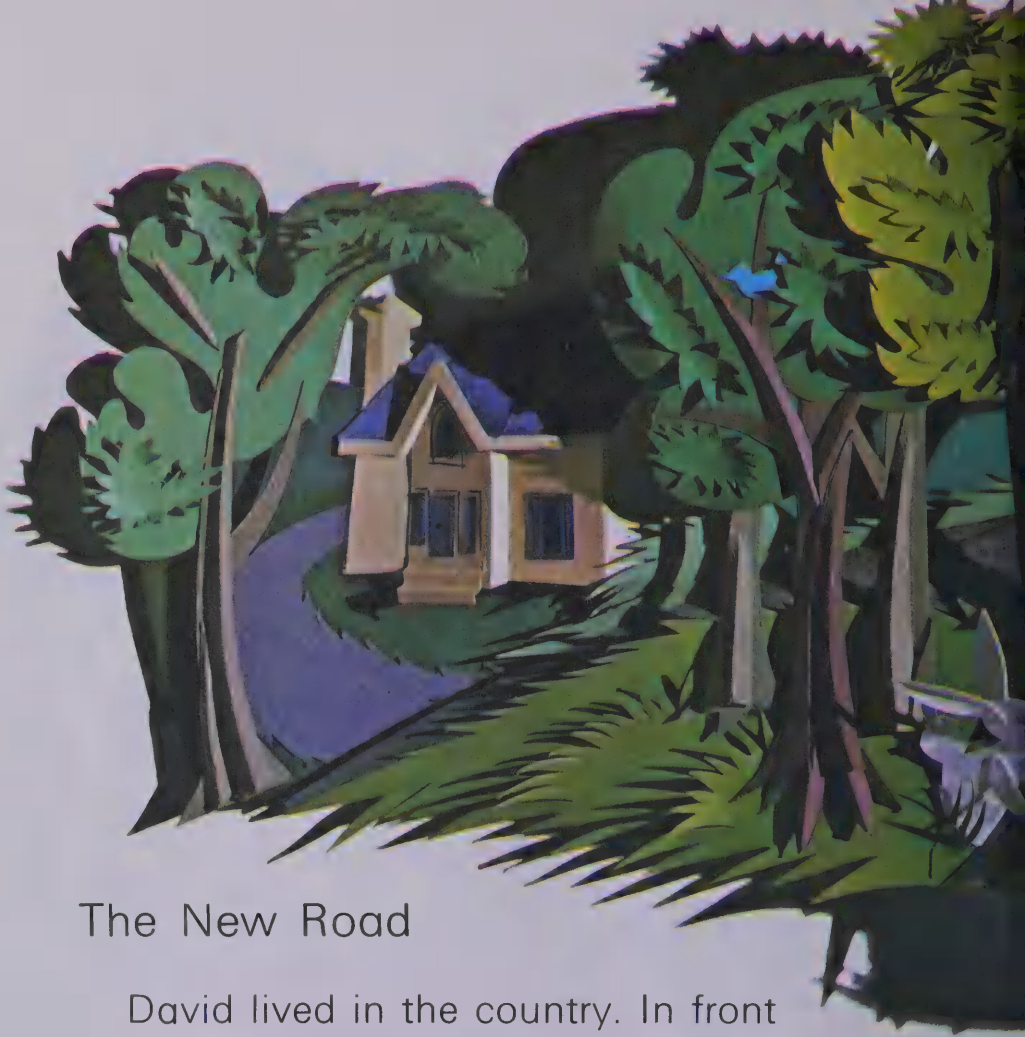
"I wish all lost children would do the three things you did, Kim," said the Warden.

"What three things?" asked Kim.

"Keep blowing a whistle, or calling. Stay in one place. Wait for someone to find you," said the Park Warden. "I hope you will always remember them."



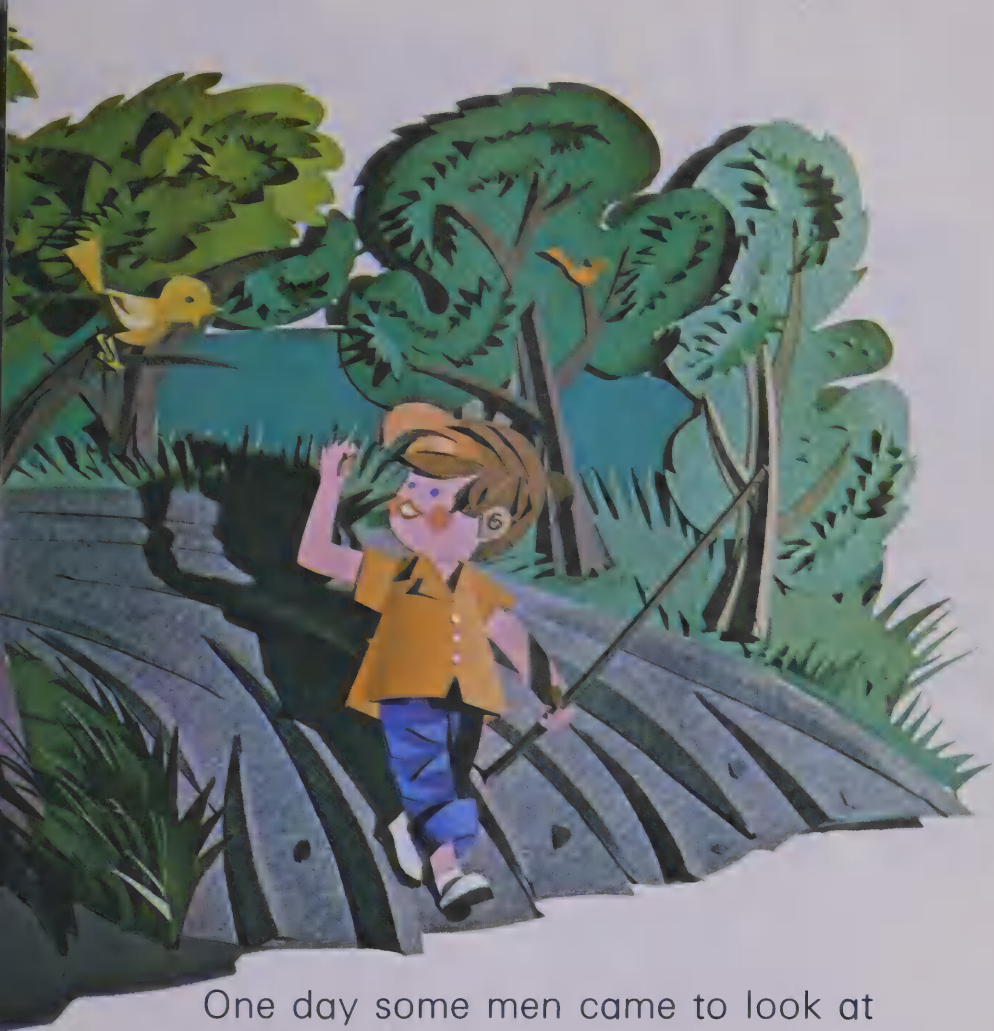




The New Road

David lived in the country. In front of his house was a little dirt road.

David liked his little road. It went up and down, and sometimes in and out. It had trees on both sides of it. Birds sang in the trees, and rabbits ran across the road when David went for a ride in the car.



One day some men came to look at the road. David saw them put little yellow sticks along the side of it. Up and down the road they went, putting in their yellow sticks.

David said to the men, "What are you going to do to my road?"

But the men just smiled at him.



Another day some more men came to David's road. They had big saws, and they cut down all the trees. They cut down the trees on one side of the road; then they cut down the trees on the other side of the road.

"What will happen to the birds?" thought David. "Will they all fly away?"



Next came the bulldozers and the power shovels.

The power shovels took big bites of dirt in their big iron mouths, and they spit out the dirt all over David's road.

The next morning, David looked out of the window. His road was gone. There were no trees, and no birds sang.

"What have they done to my road?" David asked his mother.

The road no longer went up and down. It did not even go in and out. It just went.

“What have they done to my road?” asked David again.

After a long time, they paved David’s road.

When it was all done, they called it a highway.

“Come and ride in the car with me on our fine new highway,” said David’s mother.

David got into the car, and they drove on the new highway.

They drove very fast, for the new highway was wide, and it had no ups and downs.

“Isn’t this a nice new road?” asked David’s mother. “See how fast we can go now. It’s so easy to drive on this new road.”

But David said, "This road has no trees and no birds that fly and sing. It has no rabbits on it. I liked the old road better."





Snowfall

One day I went for a walk to see
Aunt Betty who lives near the big elm
tree.

I went down the road for a mile or two,
Till I came to the wall and the tree
that I knew.

When I got to Aunt Betty's, snow
started to fall.
It fell on the road. It fell on the wall.

Snow fell on the grass. Snow fell on
the tree.
Snow fell on Aunt Betty. Snow fell on me.

Snow fell all day and all night too.
I had to stay there. What else could I do?

I couldn't walk home. The snow was
too deep.
And it snowed a lot more while I was
asleep.

Next day, when we opened Aunt Betty's
front door,
We saw only snow. We could see
nothing more.



My aunt got two shovels. She gave
one to me.

Then we dug out a path from the house
to the tree.

We dug out a path from the tree to
the wall.

The trouble it caused us, that big
snowfall!



"That's all we can do," Aunt Betty said. "Now, We'll just have to wait till they come with the plough.

But it will take time for the plough to get here.

There are highways to open and more roads to clear.

We can play in the snow if you like, while we wait.

We can make a big snowman right here by the gate."



Soon, I heard a strange noise at the end of the road.

A rumble and roar like a truck with a load.

"Aunt Betty," I called, "please listen right now.

Do you think what we hear can be the snow plough?"

"Yes, it is the snow plough. It's coming at last.

Here it comes down the road. Let's watch it go past."



The plough threw the snow way out to
the side.

There it lay in a pile and left the
road wide.

At last, when the roadway was clear of
the snow,

I put on dry mitts and was ready to go.

I walked down the road, past the tree,
past the wall.

I walked to my house. It was not hard
at all.





Night Trip

Uncle Charles drove down the lane to the road.

And along the road until he came to the sign STOP at the highway.

Uncle Charles stopped his car by the highway.

Soon the lights of a bus came over the hill.

Uncle Charles blinked the car lights. "Now the bus will stop," he said.

And the bus did stop, right by his car.

Pam and Jennie and Mother and Father got out of Uncle Charles' car.

"Thank you, Uncle Charles," said Pam and Jennie. "Thank you for a wonderful time."

"Thank you all for coming," said Uncle Charles.

"Good-bye and thank you," said Mother and Father.

Pam and Jennie sat at the back of the bus.

"Hummm, humm," sang the tires.

Flash! Flash! went the lights when the cars whizzed by.



"Are you sleepy, Pam?" asked Mother.

"Oh, no!" Pam was never sleepy.

Pam never liked to go to bed.

The bus stopped by a wide river.

Pam looked into the night.

She saw lights on the water.

"Here comes the ferry boat," she cried.

Clank! Clank! Down went the
gangplank.

The bus drove on to the ferry boat
with a little bump! bump!

"Tooooo! Tooooo!" whistled the ferry
boat.



Creak! Creak! Splash! Splash! went
the ferry boat.

Slap! Slap! went the river on the
sides of the boat.

Closer and closer came the lights on
the other side of the river.

With a little bump the ferry stopped.

Clank! Clank! Down went the
gangplank.

Hummm, humm, went the bus.

Off the ferry boat.

Through the city streets.

To the railway station.

"This is where we get our train,"
said Father.



They all sat in the station.
Jennie went to sleep on Father's lap.
"Are you sleepy, Pam?" asked Father.
"Oh, no!" said Pam.
"I'll stand outside and watch for
the train."

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!
The big diesel locomotive went past
the station.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!
The long train slowed to a stop.



Father had to carry Jennie.

They all got on the last car of the train.

Then off went the train, faster,
faster, faster.

Click-click, click-click, click-click
went the wheels.

Whizz! past roads.

Whizz! past little towns.



Whizz! over rivers.

Whizz! through tunnels.

Whizz! past the lighted streets of
the city.

Whizz! into the big city station.



"I'll carry Jennie," said Father.
Mother took Pam's hand.
"Taxi, sir? Taxi?" cried the taximan.
"Yes, please," said Father.
The taximan whistled.
Up came a red taxi.
And they all got in.

The red taxi whisked them away.
Jennie was still asleep.
Pam put her head on Mother's lap.
"Don't go to sleep here," said
Mother. "I can't carry you to bed."

Past the city hall they drove.
They saw the big clock.
“Oh, my!” said Mother. “Twelve
o’clock.”
Along the city streets went the taxi.
Past the houses. Past the church.
Past the school.
Right to their own house.

Father paid the taximan.
Mother opened the door and put
on the lights.
Pam ran right to her room.
She looked at her bed.
“I’m so tired,” she thought.
“Car, bus, ferry, train, taxi —
Night trips are exciting.
But now I just want to go to bed.”



Traffic

As soon as I grew up to be
About three or four or five years old,
I found out about TRAFFIC.

- how it whizzes by and never sees me,
- how it pauses so impatiently at crosswalks,
- how it stops still only for policemen
- or the stoplights on the corners.

Mother knew if I wanted to go
To visit Granny or my cousin Alec,
I had to learn about TRAFFIC.

- what will make the cars slow down for people,
- when it's safe to go across the street,
- where everyone must look before he starts,
- and even how to walk.

Now I know what I must do.
The "Safety Rules" are tucked inside
My special "safety head."

- "Cross only with the green lights at the corner."
- "Wait for a policeman or your older brother."
- "Look both ways and never, never run."
- Traffic isn't frightening now,

BUT I'M ALWAYS CAREFUL ANYHOW!





An Important Man

"My father is a doctor," said Benny.
"A doctor is an important man."

"My father is a fireman," said Glen.
"A fireman is a more important man."

"Not than a doctor, he isn't," said Benny. "A doctor makes you feel better. A doctor is the most important man of all."

"No, he isn't," said Glen. "A fireman is."

"No, he's not," said Benny. "But I have to go home for supper now."

"So do I," said Glen. "See you later."

Right after supper Benny heard a siren. Then he heard the fire trucks. They were going to a fire.

Benny ran to the window. The siren was running down. The trucks were stopping. The fire was near his house!

Benny ran for his coat. "May I go out to watch the fire?" he called. And he was outside before his mother or his father could stop him.

Up the street he met Glen. "Come on, Benny," said Glen. "My father is at the fire. Let's watch the firemen put it out."

The boys ran up the street.

"Here it is!" said Glen. "What a big fire!"

"What a big ladder!" said Benny. "Could you climb that?"

"The fireman at the top is my father," said Glen proudly. "He's going up to the roof."

Glen's father crawled from the ladder to the roof. He sprayed the roof with water from the big hose. The fire was almost out.

Suddenly there was an explosion, and part of the roof fell in. Glen's father fell back. He could not move, but just lay there, hanging on.



Quickly other firemen moved the ladder over to Glen's father. One of them climbed up the ladder and carried him down. His face and hands were cut and burned. One leg was bent in a funny way.

Glen and Benny were frightened.

"There should be a doctor here," said Benny.

A voice behind them said, "Maybe I can help. I'm a doctor."

"Dad!" said Benny. "How did you get here? How did you know Glen's father was hurt?"

Benny's father was bending over Glen's father.

"I followed you and Glen to the fire," Benny's father said quietly. "People at fires can get in the way. Or they can get hurt. I wanted to keep an eye on you."



"Glen's father was very brave," said Benny. "He went right up that big ladder and out onto the roof."

"Our firemen have to be brave," said Benny's father, "or they could not do their important work."

"A doctor is pretty important too," said Glen. "Making people feel better is just about as important as putting out fires. I guess my dad and I know that."

All Around Us





Answers

"What color are hills?"

I asked Louise.

"GREEN. 'Cause they're made
of grass and trees."

"BROWN," said Peter
and nailed a box.

"Brown, 'cause they're made
of earth and rocks."

"BLUE," said Kathy
who'd come to play.

"Hills are blue
when they're far away."

"BLACK," said Gordy,

"when day turns night.

And after a snow

they're fluffed up WHITE."

"What color are hills?"

I asked. But, oh,

with so many answers

I *still* don't know.

— AILEEN FISHER



The Most Wonderful Color

Timmy looked at his painting. He looked at all the colors. He looked at the red, the blue, and the yellow. He looked at the green, the orange, and the purple. "Every color is wonderful," thought Timmy. "But I wonder which is the most wonderful in the whole wide world. I must ask someone."

Timmy walked down the street. Soon he came to the fire station. The Fire Chief was standing by his car.

Timmy ran up to him and asked, "Can you tell me, Mr. Fire Chief, which color is the most wonderful in the whole wide world?"

"Red," said the Fire Chief. "Fire-engine red is the brightest of colors. You can see red from a long way off."

"Maybe red IS the most wonderful color," thought Timmy, "but I'm still not sure. I'll ask someone else."





Just then a peddler with a cart full of pretty flowers came by. Timmy went up to the peddler.

"Excuse me, but I'd like to ask you something," said Timmy. "Which color is the most wonderful in the whole wide world?"

"Yellow," said the peddler. "The prettiest flowers are yellow, like the sun."

Timmy looked at the pretty yellow flowers in the cart. "Maybe," he thought. "Maybe the peddler is right, but I'm still not sure."



Just then a sailor in a blue suit walked by.

"Mr. Sailor," called Timmy. "Could you please tell me something? What is the most wonderful color in the whole wide world?"

"Blue," said the sailor. "Blue seas cover half the world. And the land is full of blue rivers and streams, blue lakes and ponds. And there's the big blue sky."

"Maybe blue is the most wonderful color," thought Timmy. "But I'm still not sure."

Soon a big bus came down the street and stopped right where Timmy was standing. A little old lady got off. She dropped her shopping bag, and some oranges fell out on the sidewalk. Timmy helped her pick them up.

"Could you please tell me," he said, "what is the most wonderful color in the whole wide world?"

"Why, orange, of course," said the little old lady. "When I lived where orange trees grow, I picked oranges in my garden every day. I still eat an orange every day. Orange is the most wonderful color of all."



"Maybe she is right," thought Timmy.
"But I'm still not sure. Maybe the
storekeeper will know."

When Timmy walked into the store,
the storekeeper smiled.

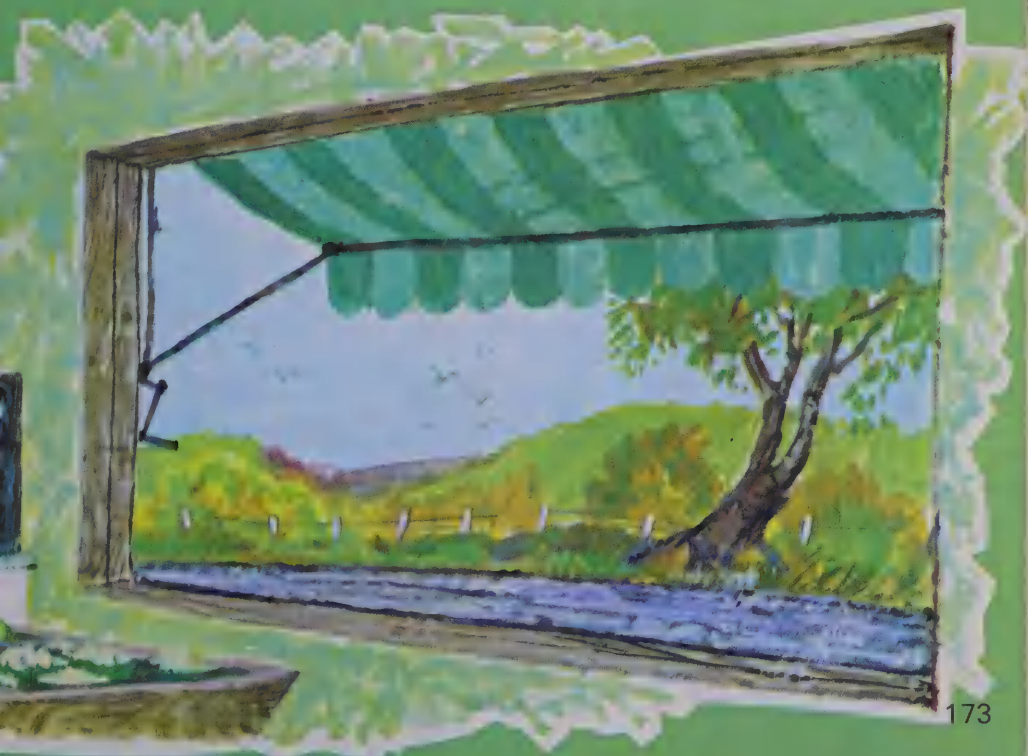
"Now then, young fellow, what can I
do for you?" he asked.

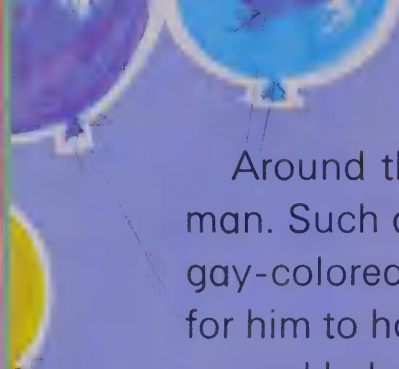
"You know such a lot of things, Mr.
Storekeeper," Timmy said. "Could you
tell me which color is the most wonderful
in the whole wide world?"



"Green," said the storekeeper. "Just look around you: green lettuce, peas, and fresh string beans. Every place you look the color is green. Everywhere you go, you see green things growing — green leaves, green trees, green fields and hills. Of course, the most wonderful color is green."

"Thanks," said Timmy, as he went out of the store. "Maybe green is right."





Around the corner came the balloon man. Such a strong wind was blowing his gay-colored balloons that it was hard for him to hold on to them. Timmy ran up and helped him.

"Would you please tell me, Mr. Balloon Man, what is the most wonderful color in the whole wide world?"

The balloon man looked at Timmy with surprise. "I once sold a balloon to the Queen," he said, "and she chose purple. Yes, the Queen's purple is the most wonderful color of all."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Balloon man," said Timmy. "I must be going now."



Just then drops of rain began to fall. Timmy ran into a doorway where a policeman was standing.

"You look tired, boy," said the policeman.

"I've been trying to find out, Mr. Policeman," said Timmy, "which color is the most wonderful in the whole wide world."

"Have you, now?" said the policeman. "It would be a sad world all blue or all red. And I would not like a world all yellow, all orange, all green, or all purple. It's a hard question, Timmy."

Soon the rain had stopped, and the sun was shining again. Timmy and the policeman were just walking away from the doorway when there was a loud noise down the street. Timmy followed the policeman to see what it was. The noise became louder and louder.



"I tell you, it's red," said the Fire Chief.

"You're wrong," said the peddler.

"Yellow is the answer."

"I'm sure it's orange," said the little old lady.

"No," said the sailor. "The most wonderful color is blue."

"Don't be silly," said the storekeeper.

"It's green."

"Pardon me," said the balloon man,
"but the Queen said purple."

"Red!"

"Orange!"

"Yellow!"

"Green!"

"Blue!"

"Purple!"

Louder and louder they shouted!

"Stop!" said the policeman, and blew his whistle. "Look up at the sky. There is your answer."



Everybody turned to look. There was a lovely rainbow across the sky. In it they could see the fireman's red, the flower peddler's yellow, the sailor's blue, the old lady's orange, the storekeeper's green, and the Queen's purple.

"You can see that all of those six colors are beautiful; every one of them is wonderful," said the policeman.



"He's right," said the Fire Chief.

"Right," said the sailor.

"Right," said everyone.

At last they had the answer: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple are all wonderful—the six most wonderful colors in the whole wide world!



Tracks in the Snow

One winter's day, Father and Chris and Martin went walking in the woods.

"There is nothing to see in winter but snow," said Martin.

"No pretty flowers," said Chris.

"Oh, but there are things to see just the same," said Father. "Let's look around us."

"I know," said Chris. "Let's look for tracks."

They saw tracks like this:



"Oh!" said Martin. "Look at those tracks. What do you think made them?"

"That animal must have had snowshoes," laughed Chris.

"And that's just why it's called the snowshoe rabbit," said Father. "It has big hairy feet that help it walk over the snow."

They went on.

Something had made tracks like this:



"A little mouse made those tracks," said Father. "It was out looking for grass seeds for its breakfast."

"See where the mouse dragged its tail behind it," said Martin.

"Its tail must get cold," said Chris. "The mouse should have a long mitten to keep its tail warm."

They saw some tracks that were bigger than the mouse's tracks but not as big as the rabbit's.



"Maybe those are a squirrel's tracks," said Martin. "Let's follow them."

The tracks led right to a big tree.

"Now I'm sure they are squirrel tracks," said Martin. "Am I right, Father?"

"You're right," said Father. "But what do you think made these strange little tracks?"



Martin and Chris didn't know.

"A grouse made them," said Father.

"A grouse is a big bird that lives on the ground. It and the mouse were both looking for seeds."

"Here are more tracks," said Chris.

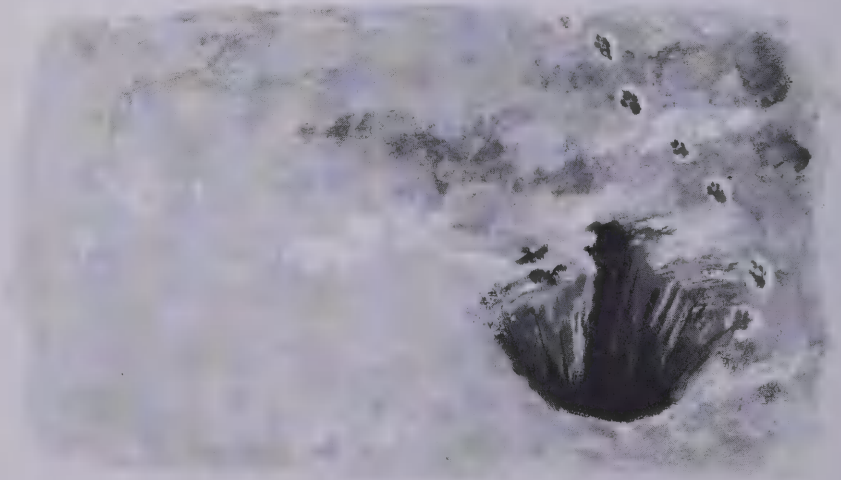
"They look like a dog's tracks."



"They do look like a dog's tracks," said Father, "but a fox made those tracks."

"I'd like to see a fox," said Chris. "Let's follow its tracks."

The tracks went across the snow to the side of a hill. There they led into a deep hole.



"That hole leads into the fox's burrow," said Father. "The fox is safe and warm in his home. Now it's time for us to go back to ours."

And all the way home, Father and Martin and Chris made tracks like this.





Tommy's Snowman

Tommy lives where it does not snow very often. When it does snow, the snow does not stay on the ground very long.

Tommy's home is at the bottom of the sunny side of a hill. One winter morning, Tommy looked out of the window and saw snow all over the ground.

"Yippee!" he cried. "This is the best day of the winter."

He ran to his mother and asked, "Mother, may I go out to play in the snow? I want to make the best snowman ever!"

Mother said, "First, you must wash, eat your breakfast, and pick up all your toys and put them away."

Tommy didn't want to, but he washed, and ate his breakfast. Then he picked up his blocks, he picked up his cars, and he picked up his books.

"There!" he said to his mother. "Now may I go out to make my snowman?"

"Yes, Tommy, you may!" said Mother.

Tommy put on his green coat and hat, his red mittens, and his red rubber boots.

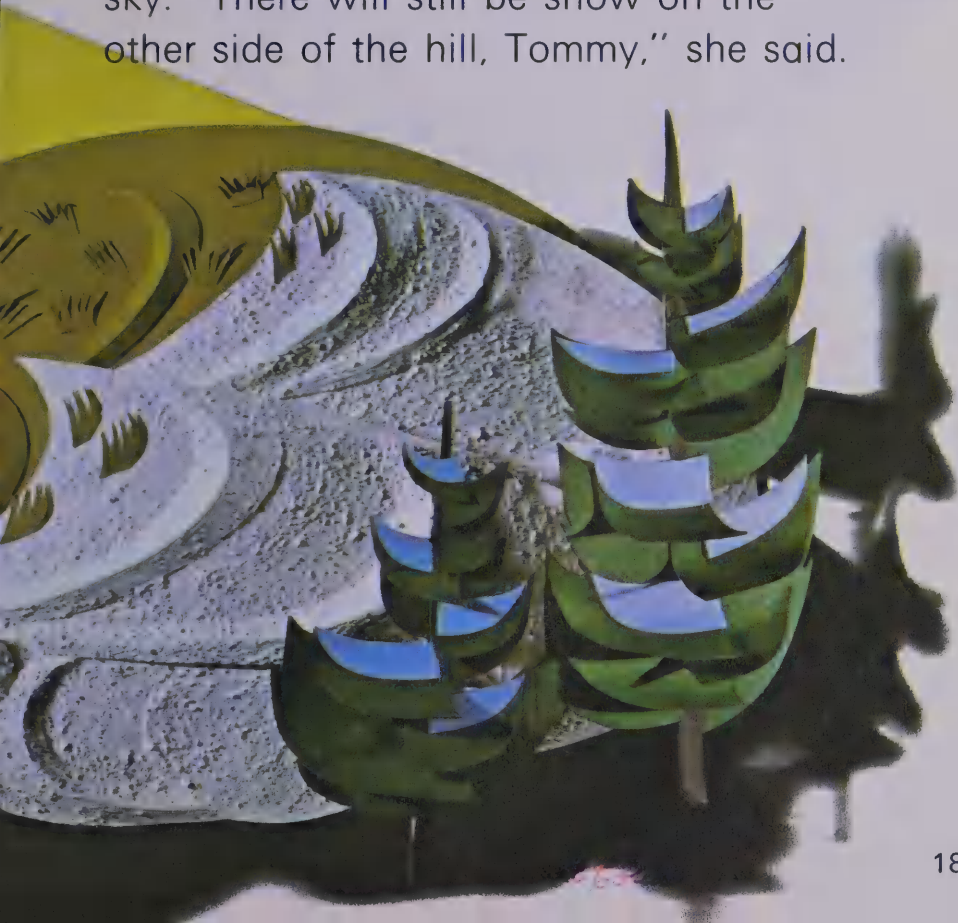
Mother gave him two prunes for the snowman's eyes, a carrot for his nose, and an old hat for his head.



Tommy opened the door and looked out. The sun was shining brightly. There was just a little bit of snow left.

"Ah-h!" Tommy cried. "The snow is just about gone, Mother! How can I make a snowman now?"

Mother looked up at the sun in the sky. "There will still be snow on the other side of the hill, Tommy," she said.



So Tommy took his little red wagon and climbed the hill. When he got to the top, he looked down the shady side of the hill. There was still LOTS of snow down at the bottom. So Tommy sat in his wagon and rode lickety-split down the hill!

He rolled a great big snowball. He rolled a middle-sized snowball. Then he rolled a small-sized snowball. He put all the snowballs into his wagon.

“Now I’ll go back home and make the best snowman ever,” he said.

He climbed up the hill as fast as he could. Then he walked down the other side of the hill with his wagon going bumpety-bump after him.

The sun was hot on Tommy. It was hot on Tommy’s snowballs too. By the time Tommy got home, the big snowballs were just little snowballs in his wagon!



"Ah-h!" cried Tommy, when he saw what the sun had done. "Mother!"

Mother opened the door.

"My snowballs are melting!" Tommy cried. "Now how can I make a snowman?"

"Don't cry, Tommy," Mother said. "Think!"

So Tommy thought and thought. He looked at the snowballs melting in the wagon. He thought some more. As he thought, he ate the prunes. Then he washed the carrot and ate it. At last he thought of something.

"I can make the snowman at the bottom of the shady side of the hill," he said.

"Of course you can!" said Mother.

"But," said Tommy, "now I have no eyes and nose for my snowman!"

Mother laughed, and gave him two more prunes and another carrot.

Again Tommy climbed the hill. Again he rode lickety-split to the bottom.

He rolled a great big snowball. He rolled a middle-sized snowball. He rolled a small-sized snowball. Then he put the middle-sized snowball on the big one. He put the small-sized snowball on the middle-sized one.

Then he put the carrot and the prunes
and the hat on the small-sized snowball.
The snowman was all made!

Tommy stepped back to look at it.
“Well!” he said. “I’m glad the sun
didn’t shine here. I wanted to make the
best snowman ever — and I did!”





Sliding

There's a big, big hill beside the house,
And it's so very high
That, when you stand on top of it,
You think you're near the sky.

And when the snow has covered it
And made it round and white,
I take my sled and slide down fast,
And steer with all my might.

And when I reach the end of it,
I always hate to stop,
For then I have to turn around
And climb up to the top.

—ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Adapted



Little Bear and the Coming of Spring

Little Bear woke up from his long winter sleep and looked around. It was dark inside the cave.

Little Bear rolled over and poked his mother. Then he stood up. He walked out of the cave and looked at the night sky. The moon was full.

Little Bear went back into the cave and poked his mother again.

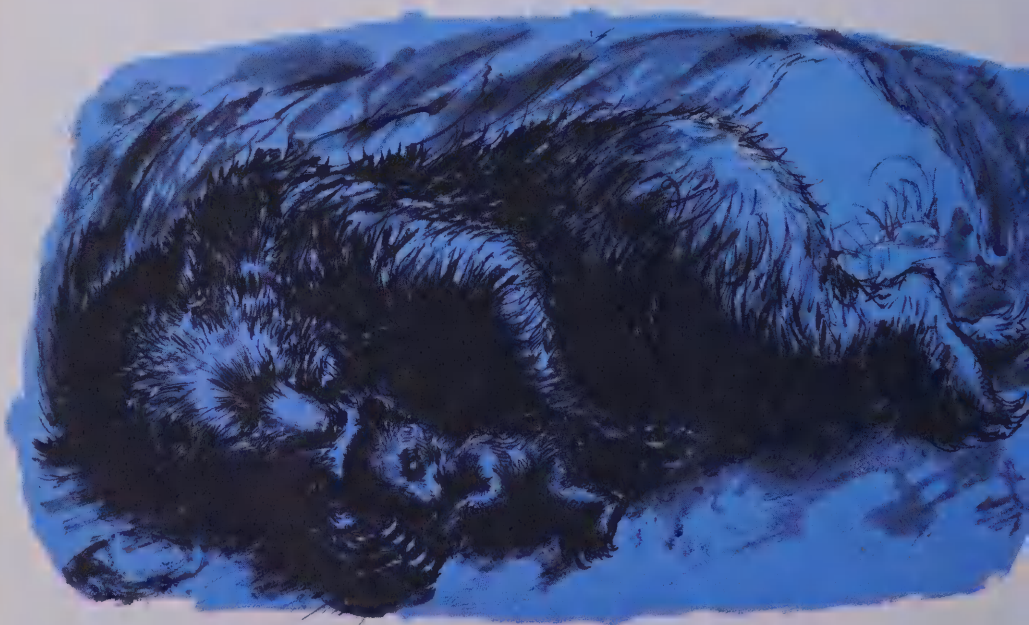
"Mama," he said. There was no answer.

"Mama," he said again — this time a bit louder. Mama Bear opened her eyes.

"The moon is full, and the wind is warm. I think it's spring now," said Little Bear.

Mama Bear looked at the North Star. "Hush!" she whispered. "Spring must be coming, but it's not here yet. Go back to sleep."

Little Bear curled up beside his mother and went back to sleep.



A week went by, and Little Bear woke up again and looked around. It was dark inside the cave.

Little Bear rolled over and poked his mother. Then he stood up and walked out of the cave to look at the night sky. He could see just a little bit of the moon, and he could hear the ice breaking on the lake.



Little Bear went back into the cave and poked his mother again.

"Mama," he called. There was no answer.

"Mama," he said again — a bit louder this time. Mama Bear opened her eyes.



"Mama," said Little Bear, "I can see just a little bit of the moon, and the ice is breaking on the lake. It feels warm outside. I think it's spring now."

Mama Bear looked at the North Star. "Hush!" she whispered. "Spring must be coming, but it's not here yet. Go back to sleep."

So Little Bear curled up beside his mother and went back to sleep.

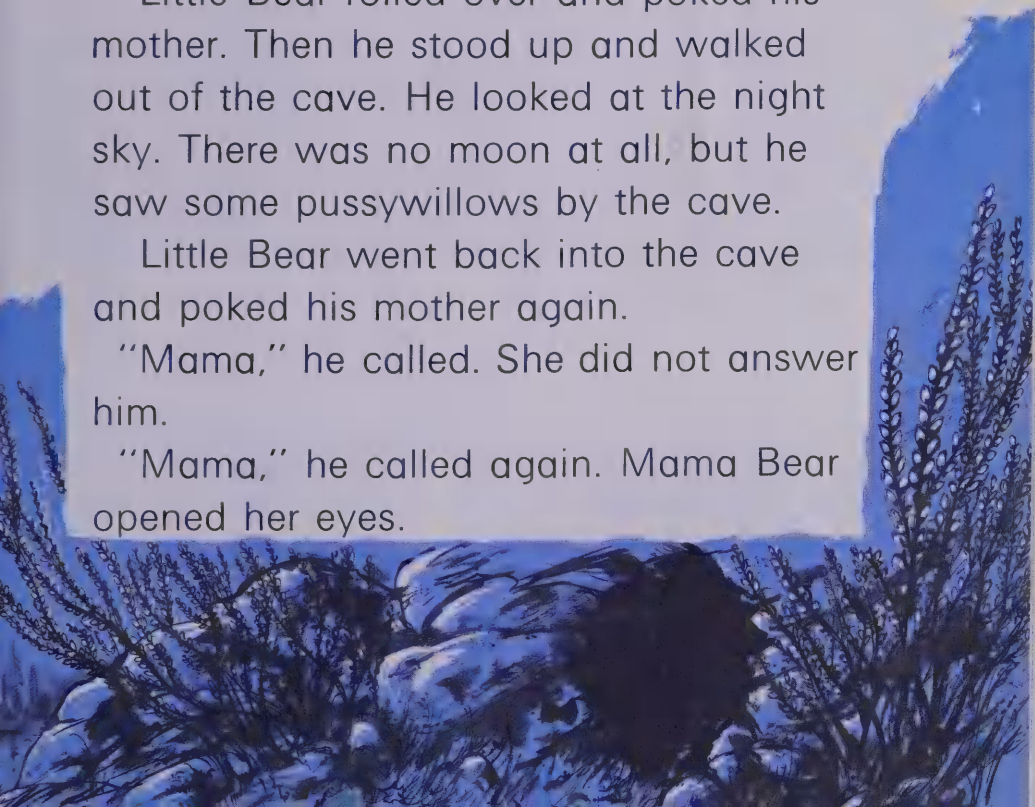
Another week went by, and Little Bear woke up again and looked around. It was dark inside the cave.

Little Bear rolled over and poked his mother. Then he stood up and walked out of the cave. He looked at the night sky. There was no moon at all, but he saw some pussywillows by the cave.

Little Bear went back into the cave and poked his mother again.

"Mama," he called. She did not answer him.

"Mama," he called again. Mama Bear opened her eyes.



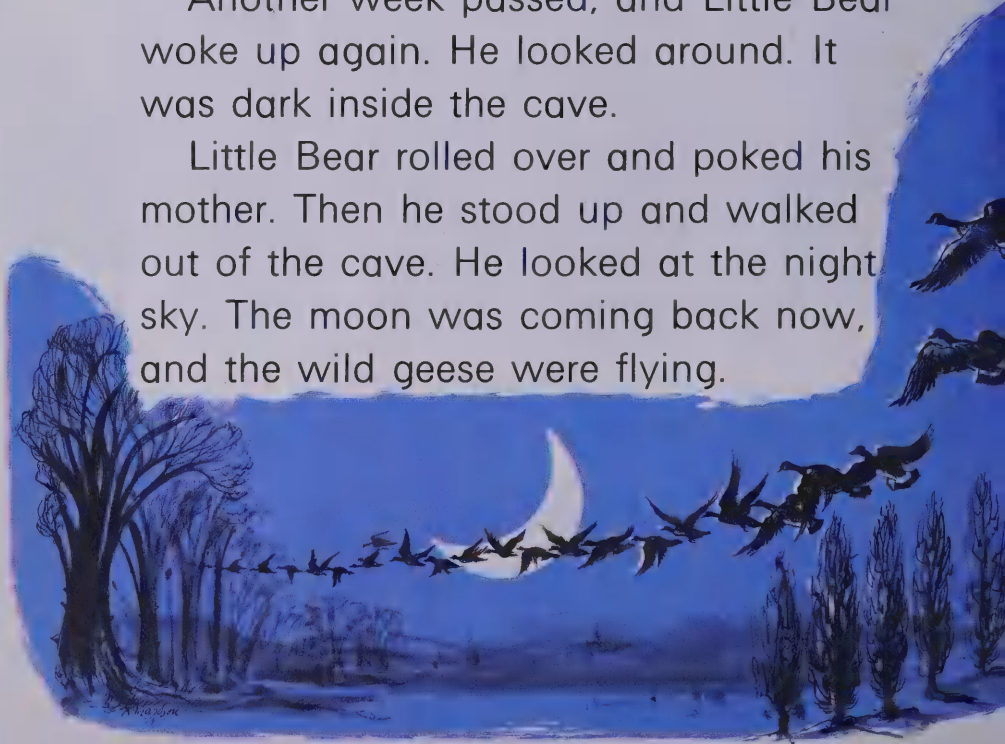
"Mama," said Little Bear, "there is no moon now, but the pussywillows are here. It's warm outside. I think it's spring now."

Mama Bear looked at the North Star. "Hush!" she whispered. "Spring must be coming, but it's not here yet. Go back to sleep."

So Little Bear curled up beside his mother and went back to sleep.

Another week passed, and Little Bear woke up again. He looked around. It was dark inside the cave.

Little Bear rolled over and poked his mother. Then he stood up and walked out of the cave. He looked at the night sky. The moon was coming back now, and the wild geese were flying.



Little Bear walked back into the cave and poked his mother again.

"Mama," he said. There was no answer.

"Mama," he called again. Mama Bear opened her eyes.

"Mama," said Little Bear, "the moon is coming back now, and the wild geese are flying. It must be spring now!"



Mama looked at the North Star. "Hush!" she whispered. "Spring is coming, but it's not here yet. Go back to sleep."

Little Bear curled up beside his mother and went back to sleep.

Still another week went by, and Little Bear woke up again. He looked around. It was dark inside the cave.

Little Bear sat up and poked his mother. Then he stood up and walked out of the cave. He looked up at the night sky. The moon was big and round.

He ran back into the cave and shook his mother.

"Mama," he called.

Mama Bear opened her eyes.

"Mama," he said, "the moon is full. I think it really must be spring now!"

Mama Bear got up slowly and walked with Little Bear out of the cave. They looked up at the sky.



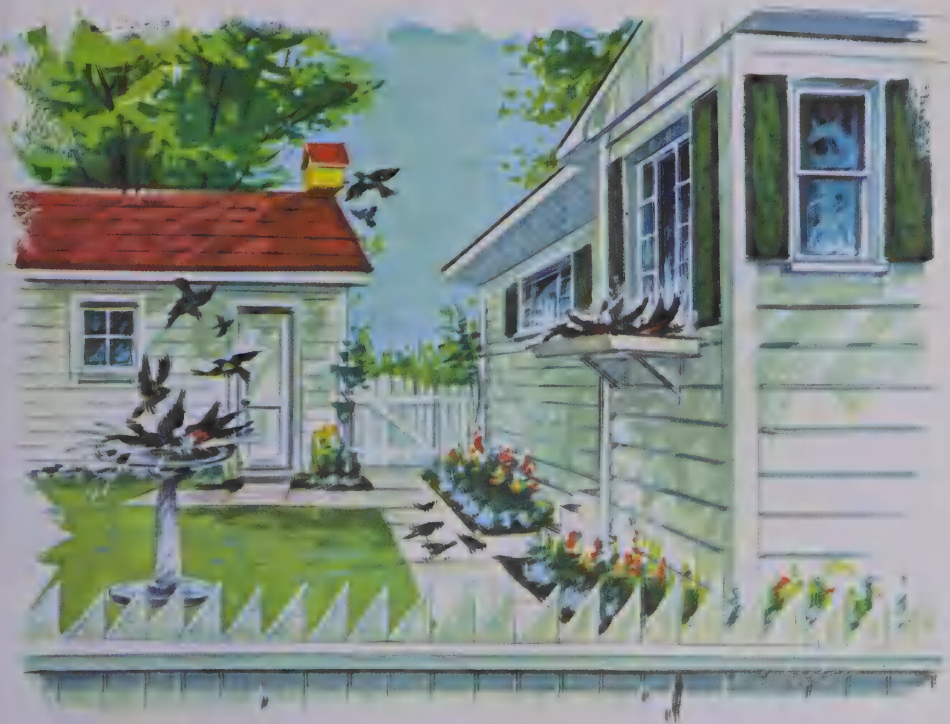
Mama Bear saw the stars called Little Bear in the sky. "Do you see the Little Bear in the sky?" she asked. "The Little Bear in the sky is like a clock that tells the time of the year. Its tail is always tied to the North Star.

"When the Little Bear looks as if it is on its back with its legs in the air, it is spring. Now it is spring. So now you may go and play in the woods."



Little Bear was very happy! He ran
past the pussywillows, past the lake, and
into the woods to play.





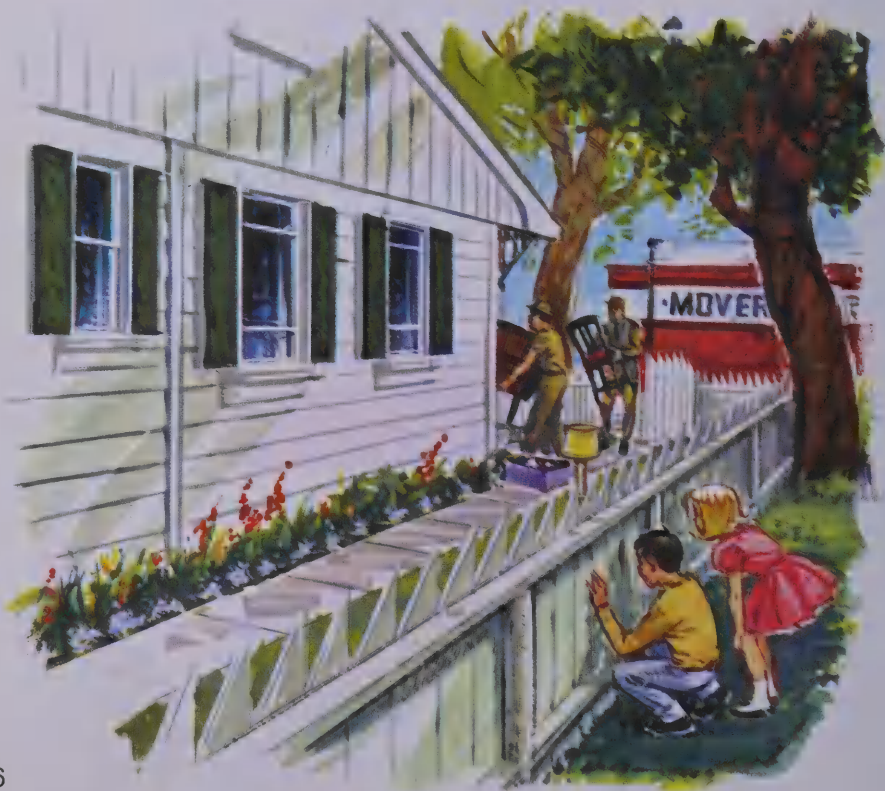
Mr. Muddle and the Birds

No one had lived in the house next door for a long time. It was a nice white house with a feeding tray for the birds outside the window, a bird bath in the yard, and a bird house on the roof of the garage. (The people who had lived there before liked birds.)

One day a big van came to the house next door, and men carried in chairs, tables, beds, lamps, book-cases, boxes, and lots and lots of things.

But no tricycles, bicycles, or toy boxes.

"No children," Jerry said to Anne as they watched from a hole in the fence. "Just grown-ups."



When the van had gone, a man put his name on the gate. It said:

M. MUDDLE

Then the man got a shovel, a hammer, and a saw.

"What is he going to do?" asked Anne.



Before they could find out, Mother called them to lunch.

After lunch, Jerry and Anne ran back to the hole in the fence. "Oh, dear!" they both said. "The bird bath!"

"And the feeding tray!" cried Jerry. "He doesn't know what they are for. I think that's why his name is Mr. Muddle."

Mr. Muddle had filled the bird bath with dirt. He had made the feeding tray into a window box. He had planted flowers in both of them.



"No," said Anne. "He knows what they are for but . . . MR. MUDDLE DOES NOT LIKE BIRDS. Look at him now."

Mr. Muddle had put a ladder by the garage and was taking down the bird house.

"We must stop him," cried Jerry.
"Swallows build nests there. Come on,
Anne."

They ran to the house next door.

Mr. Muddle had climbed down the
ladder and was looking at the bird house
in his hand.

"Please put it back, Mr. Muddle," said
Anne. "In the spring, the swallows build
nests in it."



"And lots of birds come to the feeding tray and the bird bath," said Jerry.

"Warblers, robins, sparrows, all sorts of birds. They will miss the water and the food."

Mr. Muddle shook his head. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't have birds here."

"Why not, Mr. Muddle?" asked Jerry. "Birds are our friends. They eat bugs that hurt the flowers. They sing for us. They are pretty to look at. Everyone should like birds."

"Why don't you like birds, Mr. Muddle?" asked Anne.

"I do like them," Mr. Muddle said. "That is why I took down the bird house and planted flowers in the bird bath and the feeding tray."

(What a muddled man was Mr. Muddle!)

Mr. Muddle put the bird house on the lawn. "Here, Bessie! Bessie! Bessie!" he called.

A big tan cat came from the garage and jumped into his arms.

"This is why I can't feed the birds or let them build nests here," said Mr. Muddle. "Bessie would catch and kill them. She is a good cat, but I can't teach her not to hurt the birds."

Anne petted the cat, and Bessie purred.



"Then why not put a bell on Bessie's neck?" asked Jerry. "It would tell the birds that she is coming. Then they would fly away and Bessie could not hurt them."

"A fine idea!" cried Mr. Muddle. "Why didn't I think of it before? I'll get a bell this afternoon." And he did.

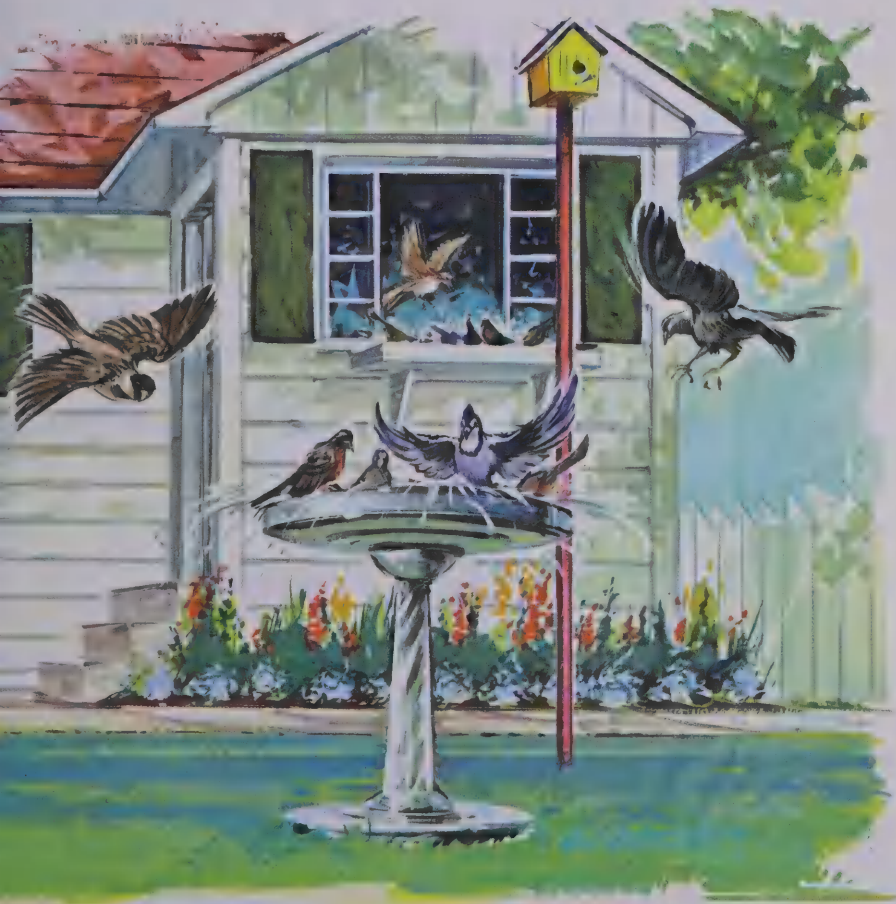
He took out the flowers and planted them in the garden. He put water in the bird bath and seeds on the bird tray. He put the bird house on a tall pole that Bessie could not climb.



And spring, summer, fall, and winter,
birds came to the house next door —
robins, swallows, warblers, sparrows,
and many, many more.

And everyone was happy,

EXCEPT BESSIE.





Billy's Flower

Billy was watching Mr. Brown plant seeds in his garden.

When Mr. Brown had finished his planting, he gave Billy a seed.

"Go and ask your mother if you may plant it in her flower garden," he said.

Billy ran all the way home. He told his mother about his seed. She helped him to plant it in the garden.





Every day, Billy watched the spot where his seed was planted. But there was nothing to see. Everyone said, "It will take a little time for your seed to grow."

So Billy waited and waited and waited.

"When will it start to grow?" Billy asked.

Everyone said, "Soon. Soon it will start to grow."

And one day there was a little bit of green coming through the ground. Billy watched it grow and grow and grow.



But Billy was not happy. There was no flower. ALL his mother's flowers had flowers. And Mr. Brown had flowers in his garden. Billy had only green.

"What kind of a flower is this that has no flower?" asked Billy.

Billy asked his mother, but Mother did not know. Billy asked Father, but Father did not know. Billy asked Mr. Brown, but he did not know.

One day Billy had a talk with the mailman. The mailman talked all about flowers. He had a garden of his own. He liked Mr. Brown's flowers and he liked Billy's mother's flowers.

"Oh, please, Mr. Mailman, come and see my flower that has no flower," said Billy.

The mailman looked very closely at the flower that had no flower. And he shook his head sadly.



"I think you had better ask your mother and father to come out here, Billy," said the mailman.

Billy ran into the house and came back with Mother and Father.

"What do you think of Billy's flower that has no flower?" asked Father.

The mailman laughed and said, "I think that a flower that has no flower should NOT be in a flower garden."



Mother and Father laughed too. But Billy did not think it was funny.

"What should I do about it?" asked Billy.

"I think you should pull that flower that has no flower right out of the garden," said the mailman.



Billy did not want to do this, but everyone thought that he should. So he took all the leaves in his hands and started to pull. He pulled, and pulled, and pulled. Out it came! His flower that had no flower was out of the ground.

Mother and Father laughed.

The mailman laughed.

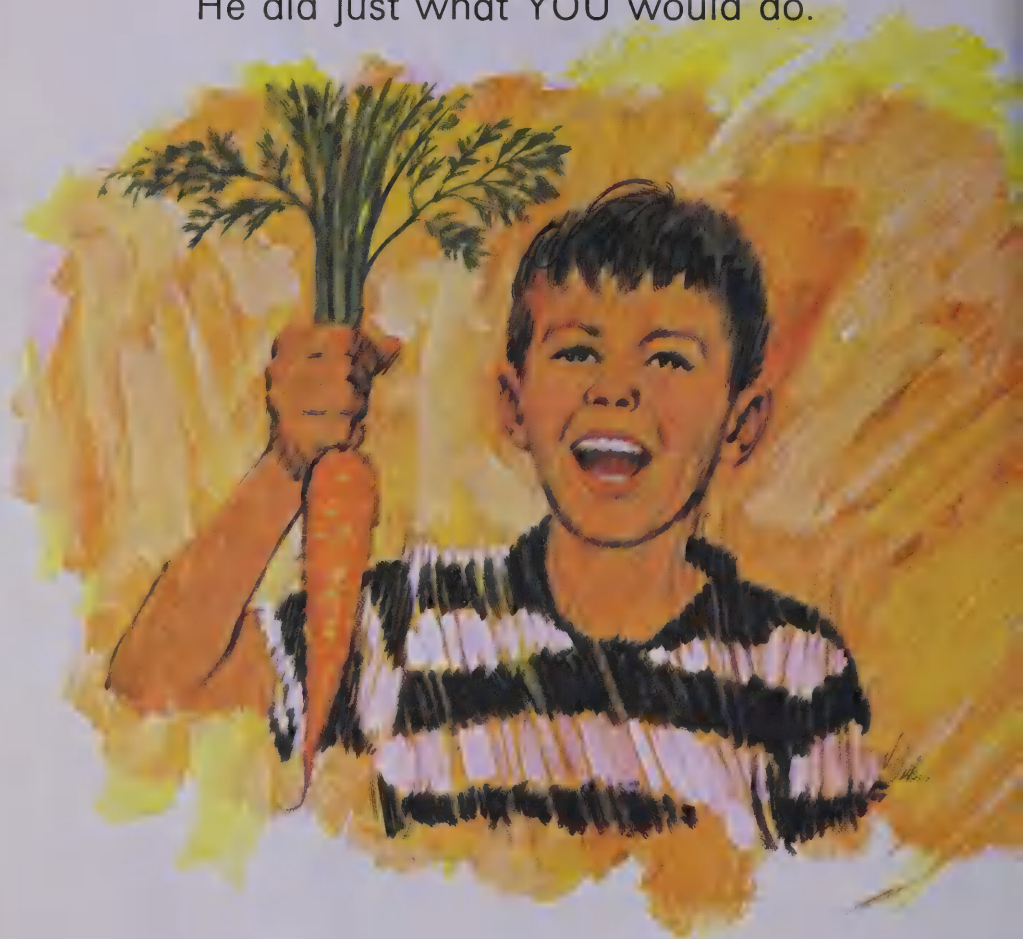
And then Billy laughed, too.

Do YOU know why they were laughing?

The flower that had no flower was a
big, orange CARROT! !

And can YOU guess what Billy did
with his carrot?

He did just what YOU would do.





Little Boat

One summer Jack and Lynn went with their mother to live by the sea.

Every morning Mother took the children to play in the sand.

One morning, when Jack was digging, he found a little toy boat. He had to dig and dig to get it out of the sand.

The boat was made of wood. The paint was washed away, and the little sails were black.

Jack ran to show it to Mother. "May I use this boat, Mother? May I keep it?" he asked.

"Yes, Jack," said Mother. "I think it has been here a long time. The little boy who lost it may be a big boy now."

"First I'll clean it and then I'll paint it," said Jack.

"Lynn and I will make new sails for it," said Mother.



Jack painted it red and put the new, clean sails on it. It looked like a new boat. And now it was ready to use.



But first Jack put a long string on it, so that it would not go out to sea. He put it into the water, and the little boat began to sail away.

The waves carried the boat out into the water, and soon Jack was holding the end of the string. The little boat rocked on the waves, and the sun made its clean white sails look like snow.

All at once the little boat jumped over a big wave. It pulled on the string, and the string jumped right out of Jack's fingers! Away went the little sailboat! How it rolled and rolled! How it sailed faster and faster on its way!

"My boat! My boat!" cried Jack. And he ran out into the water to try to catch it.

"Don't go too far, dear," called Mother.

Jack stopped, but the little boat went on. Its bright little sails danced up and down over the waves.



A fishing boat was coming in. The children saw the small boat sail right up to the big one.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Jack. "They are going to run into my boat!"

The big boat was flying through the water. The waves rolled after it in big, round hills. The children looked and looked, but they could not see the little red sailboat. Lynn was ready to cry, but Jack watched and watched.



“We will walk over and see the fishing boat come in,” said Mother. “The men will be sorry that they ran into your boat, Jack.”

The children watched the boat. One of the men had something in his hand. He waved to the children.

“Jack,” cried Lynn, “that man has your boat!”

Jack was off like the wind. The man was waiting for him.



"Here is your boat," said the man.
"And here is a fish for you. Boats that
go to sea must not come home empty."
"Thank you," said Jack, as he took the
boat and the fish.



He ran all the way back to Mother
and Lynn. He wanted to show them
what his little boat had brought home
from the sea.



Who Has Seen the Wind?

“This is a fine, bright, windy day,” Father said. “This is just the day for kites.”

He gave Barbie a red kite with a long red tail.

He gave Steve a blue kite with a long, long blue tail.

He gave Little Sam a beautiful gold kite with a little gold tail.

"There," he said. "Now you can all go out and play with the wind."

"Play with the wind?" Barbie said. She laughed. "That's a funny idea!"

"Play with the wind?" Steve said. "That's a very funny idea!"

"Wind?" Little Sam said. "Where is the wind?"

"Come and see," said Barbie and Steve.

They went out to the hill back of their house.

"See the wind, Little Sam!" Barbie said. "See how the trees bend down!"

Little Sam looked at the trees. "But where is the wind?" he asked.





Steve threw his blue kite up into the air. Up, up it went. The wind took it up high into the sky. "There!" Steve said. "See how the wind took my kite!"

But Little Sam said again, "I didn't see anything take your kite. I can't see the wind!"

Just then the wind took Little Sam's beautiful gold kite. It went up, up, up. The kite tried to fly away from him.

But Little Sam ran after it. He held tight to the string, but the wind was much stronger than Little Sam.



His kite went higher and higher.

"No, no!" Little Sam said. "I want this kite! I want to play with it!"

Steve and Barbie ran to help him. "You are playing with your kite, Little Sam!" they said. "And you're playing with the wind, too. It's the wind that makes the kite fly."

Little Sam looked up and up into the sky. He looked all around through the trees. He looked up into the clouds and down on the ground. He looked all over the hill. "I don't see the wind at all," he said. "You can see it. Why can't I see the wind?"

"Oh, dear," Barbie said. "I wish I had my storybook here. It tells about the wind. Little Sam, don't be sad. You just can't see the wind!"

"But I want to see it!" Little Sam said. "I will see it. I will!"

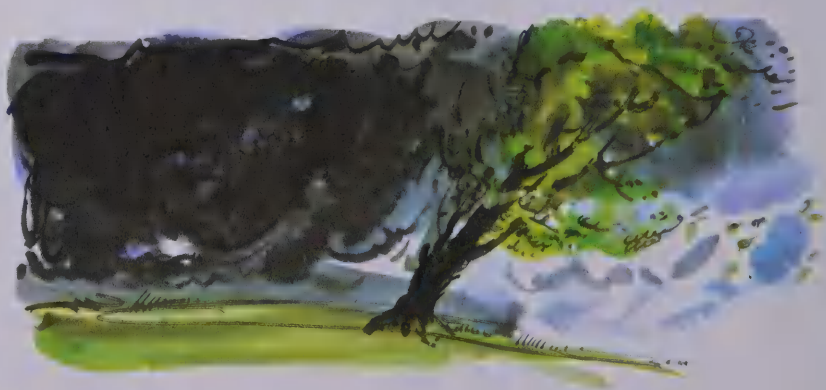
"Oh, my," said Steve. "What are we going to do with him?"

Just then Father came running up the hill.

The wind was getting much stronger.

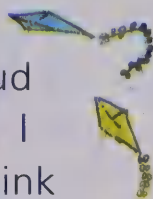
Father said, "Look up into the sky, you three! Do you see what I see?"

There was a big, dark cloud in the sky. It was flying over to the hill.



"The wind is making that big cloud come over here," Father said. "And I know it is full of wet, wet rain. I think we have to get home as fast as we can."

But the kites did not want to go home. They pulled hard on their strings. They flew higher and higher into the sky. Their long tails danced in the wind.



"You'll have to pull much harder than the wind," Father said. "Little Sam, I'll help you."

At last they got the kites down. Then they all ran to the house.

The wind came right after them. It began to blow big, wet drops of rain all over them.



They ran into the house and shut the door. Father said, "Just look at that wind now!"

Out on the hill, the trees were bending right down to the ground. The sky was much blacker, and the rain was pouring down.

Little Sam stood at the window and looked out. He shook his head again and again. "I didn't see the wind," he said. "I can't see that wind anywhere. I do want to see the wind!"



"I'll help you," Barbie said. "Where is my storybook?"

Little Sam found the book and gave it to Barbie.



"Listen, Little Sam," said Barbie. "This is what my book says about the wind."

The wind has no home.
The wind likes to wander
Up here, down there,
And away over yonder.
The wind is not big,
And the wind is not small.
The wind is no THING.
It is not here at all.

Barbie shut the book. "There," she said. "Now do you understand, Little Sam?"

"No," said Little Sam.

Steve was thinking hard. "You know," he said, "I don't think I understand it either. I don't think I do."



Otherwise

There must be magic,
Otherwise
How could day turn into night?
And how could sailboats,
Otherwise,
Go sailing out of sight?

And how could peanuts,
Otherwise
Be covered up so tight?

—AILEEN FISHER

Imagine That!





I Can Be a Tiger

I can't go walking
When they say no,
And I can't go riding
Unless they go.
I can't splash puddles
In my shiny new shoes,
But I can be a tiger
Whenever I choose.

I can't eat peanuts
And I can't eat cake,
I have to go to bed
When they stay awake.
I can't bang windows
And I mustn't tease,
But I can be an elephant
As often as I please.

— MILDRED LEIGH ANDERSON



The Cat's Blue Sunday Hat

"Think of that!" said the cat.

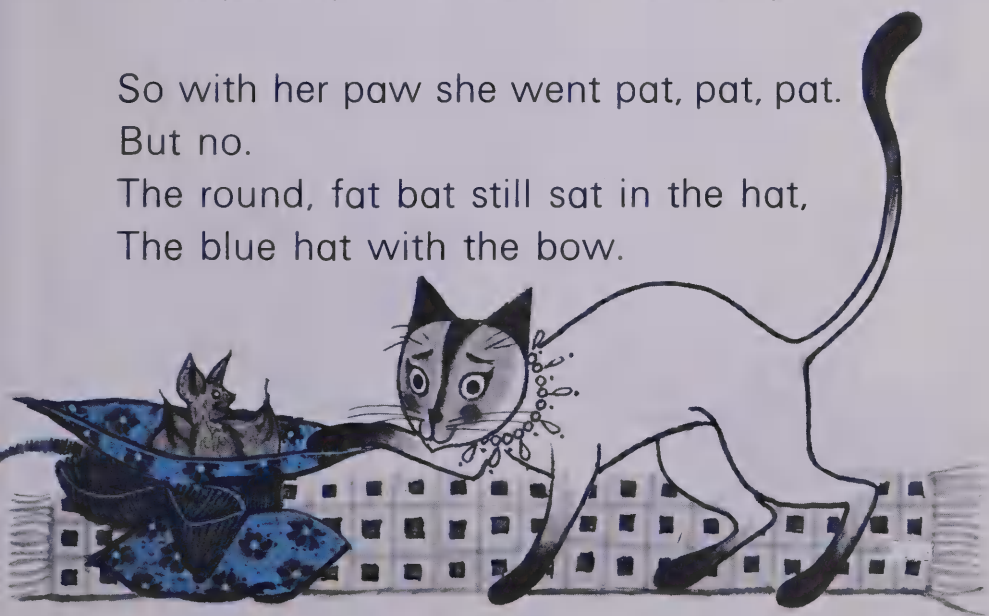
"There's a bat in my hat,
In my new, blue Sunday hat.

Now how can I throw out a bat?
If I pat my hat, will the bat go scat?
Should I shake my hat as I would a rat?

If I nip with my teeth, I may rip my hat,
My new Sunday hat with the bow. No,
I will pat my hat, and that bat will go!"

So with her paw she went pat, pat, pat.
But no.

The round, fat bat still sat in the hat,
The blue hat with the bow.



"What can I do?" said the cat, and sat,
Her paw on her chin, the bat in her hat.

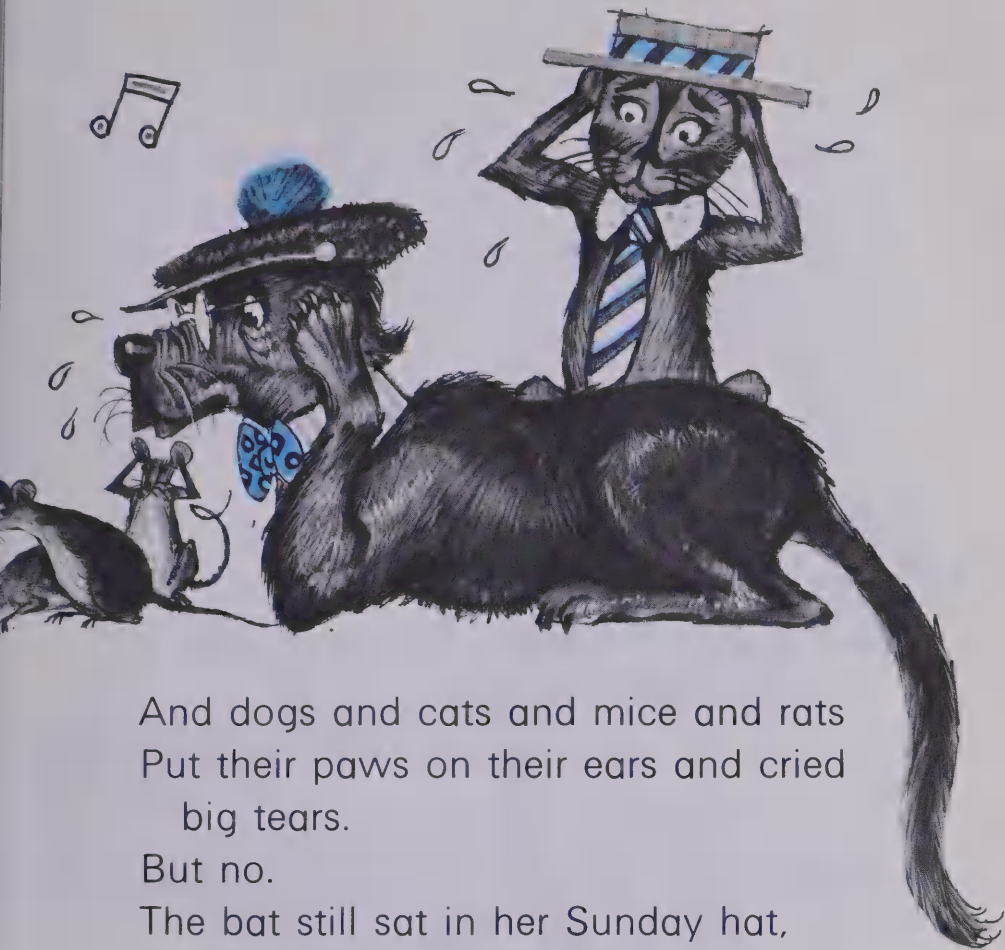
The bat sat pat; he liked the hat.
It was round and soft and dark in the
hat.
A round, soft place for a round, fat bat.

"Some noise might move that bat," said
the cat.

"I'll sing a song, loud and long,
I'll beat a drum, I'll strike a gong."

So she sang a song and beat a drum
And struck a gong till her paws were
numb.





And dogs and cats and mice and rats
Put their paws on their ears and cried
big tears.

But no.

The bat still sat in her Sunday hat,
The blue hat with the bow.

“You’ve got to go!” said the cat to
the bat,

And she hissed and spat, but the bat
just sat.

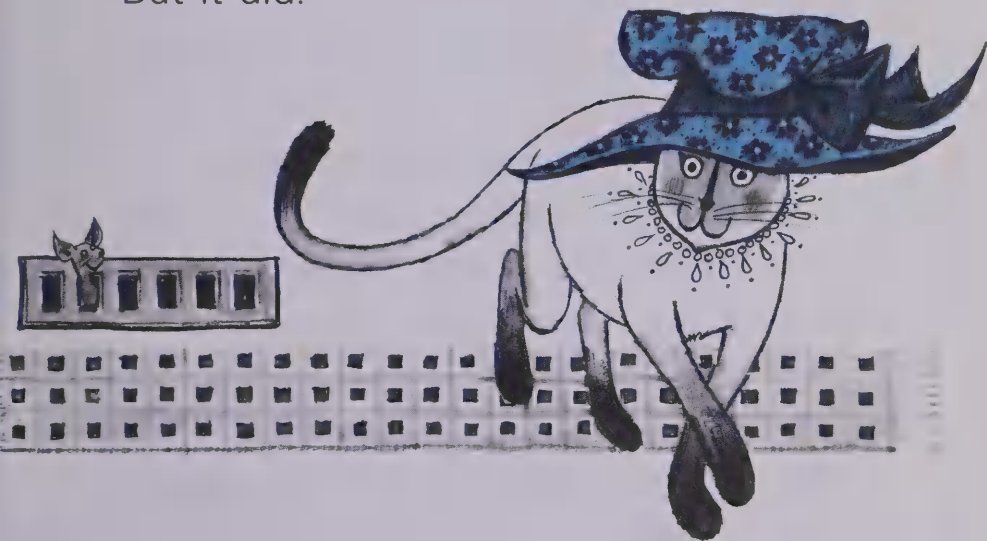
"I know," said the cat, "I'll blow on
that bat,
Till he's cold as snow, then he'll have
to go."

So she blew and she blew till her face
was as blue
As her hat with the bow.

And the breeze from the cat brought a
sneeze from the bat,
And it jumped from the hat and sat
on the mat.



“That’s that,” said the cat, as she put
on her hat
To go for some cream. She did
not dream
It would hide in a crack till she
came back.
But it did.



It hid near the grid till the Sunday lid
With the bow was laid flat. Then it
sat in the hat.



Said the cat, "Oh my, I'm so mad
I could cry.

Why won't that bat stay out of
my hat?

I must think and scheme while I
drink my cream."

So she did.

Then her face grew bright. "No more
will I fight

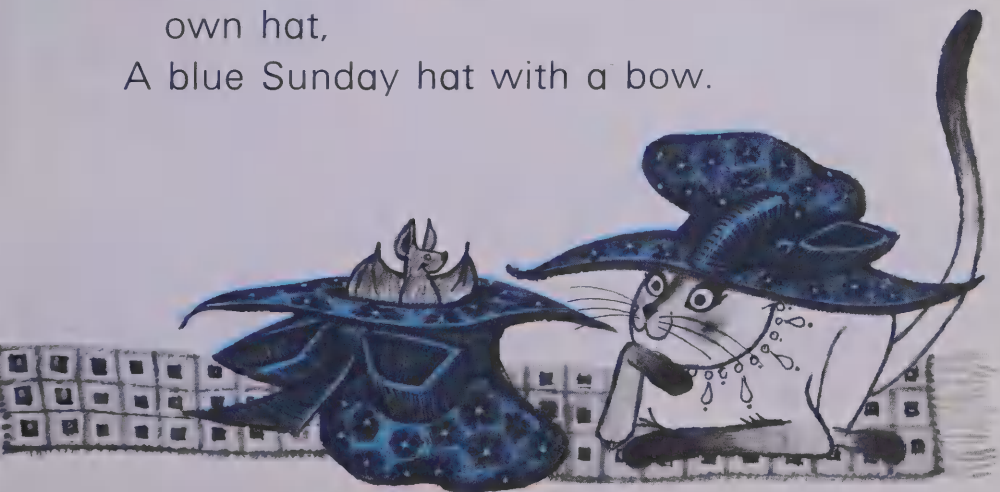
With a bat for my hat," said the cat
as she sat.

"I won't ping or sing or blow, oh no.
I'll make a hat for the bat!"



So she measured the bat and made
him a hat,
A soft, round hat with a bow.
“Now, bat,” said the cat, “come sit in
your hat.”
And it did.

Now the cat and the bat each has its
own hat,
A blue Sunday hat with a bow.



What Do You Do?



Pigeons coo.
Cows moo.
What do you do?
Squeak?



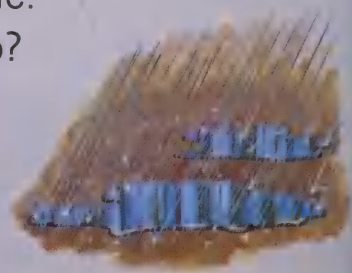
Teddy bears squeak.
New shoes creak.
What do you do?
Woof?

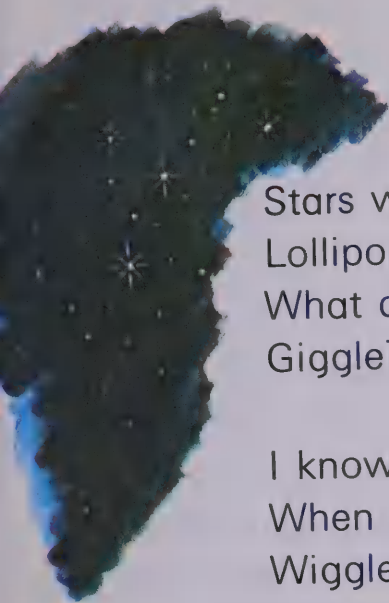


Doggies woof.
Pillows poof.
What do you do?
Cuddle?



Dollies cuddle.
Raindrops puddle.
What do you do?
Wink?





Stars wink.
Lollipops shrink.
What do you do?
Giggle?



I know what little girls do
When they giggle.
Wiggle!

— RALPH GUSTAFSON





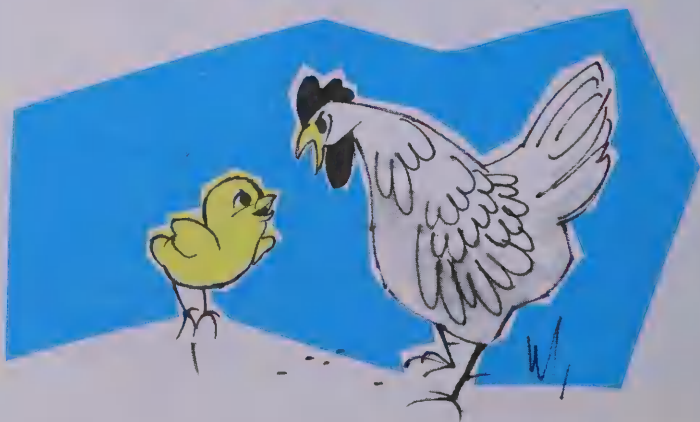
Chicken-Little

Once upon a time there lived a very small chicken, whose name was Chicken-Little.

One morning, Chicken-Little went into the garden all by herself, which she had been told NOT to do.

A rose-leaf fell on her tail — and away she ran, very much afraid. She thought that the sky was falling on her.

She ran and she ran and she ran, until at last she met Henny-Penny.



"Oh, Henny-Penny!" she cried. "The sky is falling!"

"And how do you know that?" asked Henny-Penny.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and some of it fell on my tail!" said Chicken-Little.

"Then we must run and tell the king!" said Henny-Penny.

And so they ran along until they met Ducky-Lucky.

"Ducky-Lucky!" they cried. "The sky is falling!"

"Dear me! How do you know that?" asked Ducky-Lucky.



"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and some of it fell on my tail. So we're going to tell the king!" said Chicken-Little.

"Then I will go too!" said Ducky-Lucky.

Then they all ran down the road until they met Cocky-Locky.

"Oh, Cocky-Locky!" cried Chicken-Little. "The sky is falling!"

"Gracious!" said Cocky-Locky.

"How do you know that?"

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and some of it fell on my tail. So we're going to tell the king!" said Chicken-Little.

"Then I will go too!" said Cocky-Locky.



And off they ran until they met Goosey-Loosey.

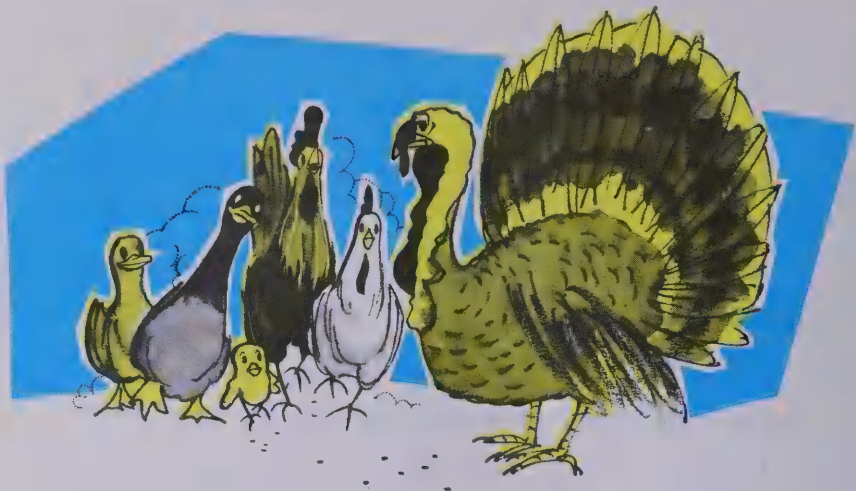
"Goosey-Loosey, the sky is falling!" cried Chicken-Little.

"Goodness me!" said Goosey-Loosey. "How do you know that?"

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail. So we're going to tell the king!" said Chicken-Little.

"Then I will go too!" said Goosey-Loosey.





So off they all ran until they met Turkey-Lurkey.

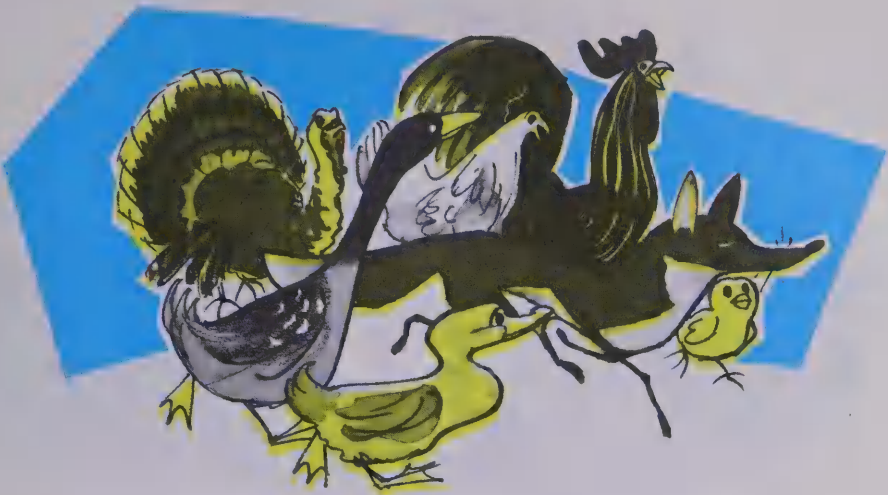
"Oh, Turkey-Lurkey!" cried Chicken-Little. "The sky is falling!"

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" said Turkey-Lurkey. "How do you know that?"

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail," said Chicken-Little. "So we're going to tell the king!"

"Then I will go too!" said Turkey-Lurkey.

So they ran along until they met Foxy-Loxy.



As soon as Foxy-Loxy heard the news, he said, "Follow me, and I will take you to the king."

So Chicken-Little, Henny-Penny, Ducky-Lucky, Cocky-Locky, Goosey-Loosey, and Turkey-Lurkey all followed Foxy-Loxy.

But, oh! He led them into his den, and they never, never came out again!





The Little Rabbit Who Wanted Red Wings

Once upon a time there lived a pretty white rabbit. His ears were long and pink. His eyes were very bright. His fur was very soft. But the Little Rabbit was not happy. He was always wishing to be like someone else.

When Gray Squirrel went by, Little Rabbit would say to his mother, "Oh, I wish I had a long, soft tail like Gray Squirrel's."



And when Prickly Porcupine went by, Little Rabbit would say to his mother, "I wish I had a back full of quills."

When Puddle Duck went by, Little Rabbit would say to his mother, "I wish I had red feet like Puddle Duck's."

Every day Little Rabbit wished and wished for things, and his mother was very sad because of all his wishing.

One day, Old Ground Hog, who is very old and very wise, heard Little Rabbit wishing and wishing.





Old Ground Hog said, "I can tell you how to get your wish. Go to the Wishing Pool in the woods. Look in the water, make a wish, and turn around three times. Then your wish will come true."

Little Rabbit was off to the Wishing Pool as fast as the wind. When he got there, he saw a little bird with red wings.

"Oh, I wish I had red wings like that little bird!" said Little Rabbit.

So he looked in the pool.

He said, "I wish —, I wish —, I wish for red wings."

Then he turned around three times.

When he looked in the pool again, he saw his long, pink ears, his soft, white fur, AND

TWO BRIGHT RED WINGS!



Little Rabbit was very happy.

"I must show my new wings to Mother," he said.

Off he went at once. It was dark when he got home, and Little Rabbit was very tired. Now he just wanted to go to bed. But when he went into the hole under the big tree where he lived, his mother did not know him. She had never before seen a rabbit with red wings! So she chased Little Rabbit right out of his home.

“Where can I sleep?” cried Little Rabbit.

He went down the road to Gray Squirrel’s house. He woke up Gray Squirrel and said, “Please, may I sleep with you tonight?” But Gray Squirrel did not know him. He had never before seen a rabbit with red wings! Gray Squirrel chased Little Rabbit away.

Little Rabbit went on to Puddle Duck’s house. He woke up Puddle Duck and said, “Please, may I sleep with you tonight?” But Puddle Duck did not know him. He had never before seen a rabbit with red wings! So Puddle Duck chased him away.

Little Rabbit was so very tired and so very sad. He walked on until he came to Old Ground Hog’s house. He woke up Old Ground Hog, and said, “Oh, please, Mr. Ground Hog, may I sleep with you tonight?”

Old Ground Hog looked and looked at him. Then he said, "Why, it's my friend Little Rabbit. Come in."

But Little Rabbit did not sleep very well that night because Ground Hog's bed was hard and bumpy.

In the morning, Little Rabbit wanted to fly with his new red wings. So he climbed a hill, opened his wings, and jumped off. But, oh! He just fell down, down, down! He hit the ground with a bump.





"Mother! Mother!" he cried.

But only Old Ground Hog came.

"What is it, Little Rabbit?" he said.

"Don't you like your new red wings?"

"No, no, no! How I wish I were just myself again!" sobbed Little Rabbit.

"Then go back to the Wishing Pool," said Old Ground Hog. "Look in the water, make your wish, and turn around three times. Your wish will come true."

Little Rabbit was off to the Wishing Pool as fast as the wind. He looked in the water, he wished, he turned around three times.

When he looked again, he saw his long, pink ears and his soft, white fur. But NO RED WINGS!



Little Rabbit was happy again. He ran all the way home, and his mother knew him at once.

Never again did Little Rabbit wish to be like someone else.



The Three Billy-Goats Gruff

Once upon a time there were three Billy-Goats who had to go up to the hillside to eat grass, and the name of all the three was Gruff.

On the way to the hill was a bridge over a river, and under the bridge lived a great ugly Troll, with eyes as big as saucers and a nose as long as a poker.

First of all the smallest Billy-Goat Gruff came to cross the bridge.

Trip, trap!

Trip, trap!
went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll in a big, ugly voice, from under the bridge.

"Oh, it is only I, the smallest Billy-Goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hillside to make myself fat," said the Billy-Goat with such a small voice.

"Then I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! Please don't eat me. I'm too little," said the Billy-Goat. "Wait until the second Billy-Goat Gruff comes; he's much bigger."

"Well! Be off with you," said the Troll.





Then the second Billy-Goat Gruff
came to cross the bridge.

Trip, trap!

Trip, trap!

Trip, trap!

went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?"
roared the Troll, from under the bridge.

"Oh, it's the second Billy-Goat Gruff,
and I'm going up the hillside to make
myself fat," said the Billy-Goat, who had
a much bigger voice than the smallest
Billy-Goat Gruff.



"Then, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh, no! Don't eat me. Wait until the big Billy-Goat comes; he's much bigger."

"Very well! Be off with you," said the Troll.

Just then up came the big Billy-Goat Gruff.

TRIP, TRAP!

TRIP, TRAP!

TRIP, TRAP!

went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the Troll, from under the bridge.



"It's I! BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF,"
said the Billy-Goat, who had a voice as
big and ugly as the Troll's.

"Then I'm coming to gobble you up,"
roared the Troll.

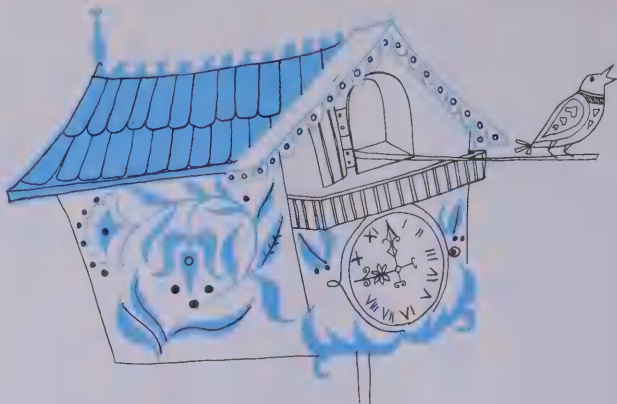
"Well, come then, if you want to fight,
I've got two spears to set you right.
I've got besides two curling-stones
And I'll crush you to bits, body and
bones."



That was what the big Billy-Goat said; and he jumped at the Troll and butted him with his horns, and crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him out into the river, and that was the end of the Troll.

And the three Billy-Goats Gruff ate and ate on the hillside and got very, very, fat.





The Contented Cuckoo

Karl is a cuckoo. He lives in a little white house with a blue roof and red windows. Every hour Karl pops out of his little house and sings.

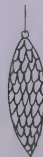
You see, Karl is a wooden cuckoo. His house is a clock. The clock hangs in a woodcutter's house in the Black Forest.

At one o'clock, Karl sings "Coo-coo" one time.

At two o'clock, Karl sings "Coo-coo" two times.

At three o'clock Karl sings "Coo-coo" three times.

When twelve o'clock comes, oh, my!





Without Karl's singing, the woodcutter would not know when to get up. Or when to eat breakfast. Or when to go to work.

Without Karl's singing, the woodcutter's wife would not know when to make lunch. Or when to take the cake out of the oven. Or when to make supper.

Without Karl's singing, the woodcutter and his wife would not know when it was bedtime!



Karl likes his important work.

But sometimes he gets tired of always doing the same thing in the same way on every hour of every day.

Sometimes he thinks it would be fun to sing "Coo-coo!" one time when it's eight o'clock! Sometimes he would like to sing "Coo-coo!" six times when it's three o'clock! Sometimes he does not want to sing "Coo-coo!" at all.

But Karl always sings the right number of "coo-coos" at the right time.

Well — almost always.

One day he didn't.

That was the day he met Frederick.

Frederick is a cuckoo too. He lives in the Black Forest too. But not in a little white house with a blue roof and red windows. He lives in a nest in a tall pine tree.

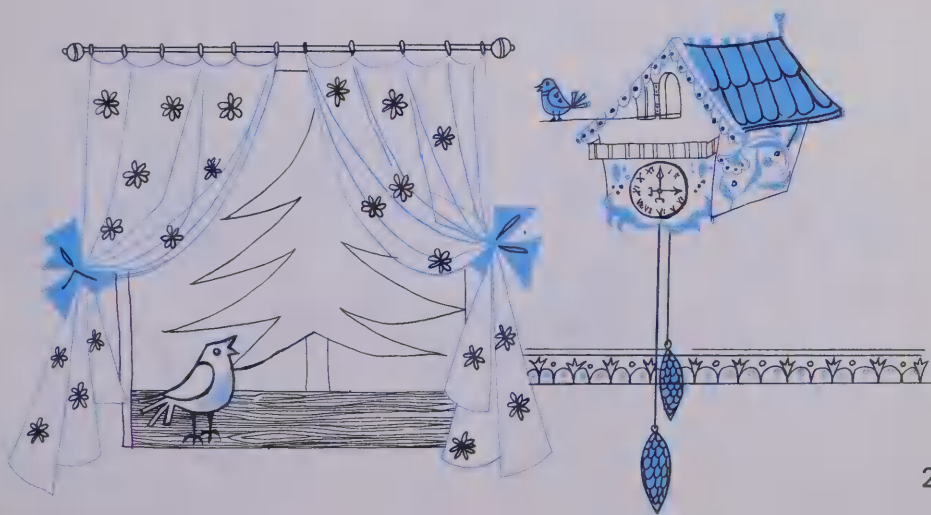
You see, Frederick is a real cuckoo.

Karl was singing “Coo-coo” twelve times the day he met Frederick.

When Karl stopped singing, someone said, “Why did you call so many times? What are you doing in there? Are you stuck?” And there was Frederick sitting in the open window.

Karl told Frederick all about his important work.

But Frederick said, “How terrible that must be! I’m glad I don’t have to live in a house. I’m glad I don’t have to sing every hour. I’m glad I can sing when I want to. I’m glad I can fly around in the woods.”

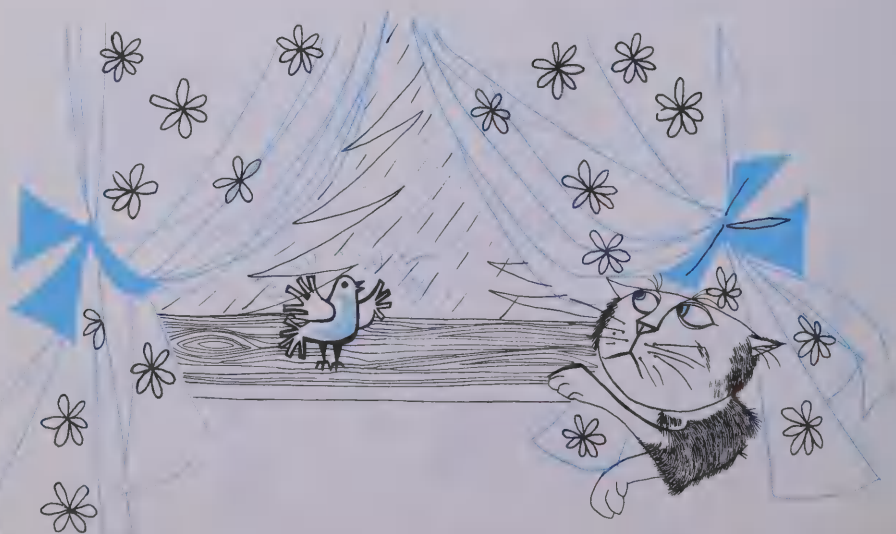


Poor Karl! Now he was sad and unhappy. He said, "Yes, it must be fun to sing when you want to. It must be fun to fly around in the woods and to sit in the sun . . ."

But then Karl stopped. The sun had gone, and big drops of rain were falling — some of them on Frederick. Frederick shivered.

And then Karl saw the cat! The cat was sitting under the window. He was getting ready to jump at Frederick!

"Coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo-coo!" shouted Karl.



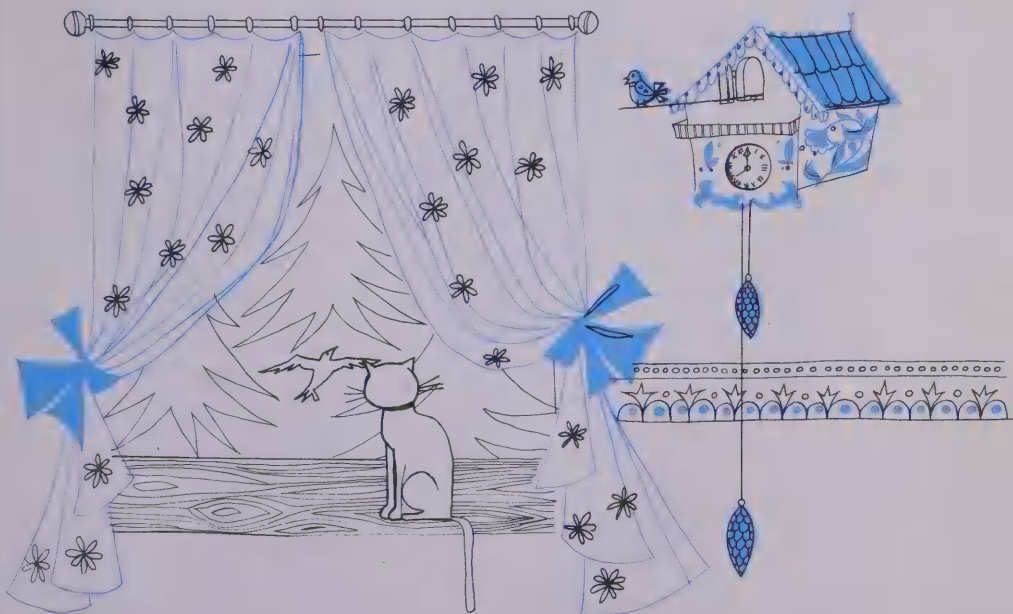
Frederick jumped in surprise. Then he saw the cat, and, just in time, he flew away.

Karl looked at the rain. He looked at the cat.

"I'm glad I'm not Frederick," he thought. "I'm glad I live in a house, and I'm glad the cat does not want to jump at me."

It was one o'clock.

"Coo-coo," sang Karl in a contented way.



Blum

Dog means dog,
And cat means cat;
And there are lots
Of words like that.

A cart's a cart
To pull or shove.
A plate's a plate,
To eat off of.

But there are other
Words I say
When I am left
Alone to play.

Blum is one.
Blum is a word
That very few
Have ever heard.

I like to say it,
"Blum, Blum, Blum"—
I do it loud
Or in a hum.

All by itself
It's nice to sing;
It does not mean
A single thing.

— DOROTHY ALDIS

BLUM

BLUM



Baby Bear's Bedtime Story

It was nearly bedtime in Baby Bear's house. Father Bear sat in his chair reading. Mother Bear was making porridge for breakfast. Baby Bear was playing with his toys.

Father Bear looked at the clock. He looked at Baby Bear.

"Bedtime, Baby Bear," he said in his great big voice.

"Please tell me a bedtime story first," said Baby Bear. He climbed up to sit on Father Bear's lap.

"Once upon a time there was a big, big honey tree," Father Bear said.

"Not that story," said Baby Bear. "Tell me the story of the three people and why Bears always have porridge for breakfast."

"But I told you that last night and the night before last and the night before that," said Father Bear.

"But I like it," said Baby Bear. "Tell me again."

So Father Bear told Baby Bear this story:



Once upon a time there were three people. There was a big Papa People, and a middle-sized Mama People, and a wee little Baby People. They lived in a house in the woods.

One morning, Mama People made porridge for the people's breakfast. She put some in a big bowl for Papa People, some in a middle-sized bowl, and some in a wee little bowl for Baby People. But it was too hot to eat right away. So Papa People, Mama People, and Baby People went for a walk in the woods.



Just then a little Bear, called Brownie Bear, came to the house in the woods. Brownie Bear went into the house. He saw the porridge on the table. It looked GOOD. So he tasted the porridge in the big bowl, but it was too hot. He tasted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl, but it was too cold. Then he tasted the porridge in the wee little bowl, and it was JUST RIGHT. M-m-m it was good!



But, oh! just as he was going to eat it all up, the three People came back.

"Oh!" said Baby People.

"Oh! oh!" said Mama People.

"SCAT!" said Papa People.

Brownie Bear ran out of the house and all the way home.



When he got home, he told his mother about the good porridge he had tasted.

"I wish we could have porridge for breakfast every day," he said.

Mother Bear said, "Porridge is for people. Bears eat berries and honey and juicy roots."

"Some day I will have porridge for breakfast," said Brownie Bear.

The next morning, and the next, and the next, Brownie Bear did not eat the berries his mother gave him for breakfast.

Finally, Mother Bear said, "Oh, Brownie Bear! Very well! Tomorrow you shall have porridge for breakfast."



And do you know what Mother Bear did? She picked some blueberries and some nuts. She picked some fresh green grass and some juicy roots. Then she put them all in a big pot and cooked them. Then she put some in a little bowl with some honey on the top.

"Here is your porridge, Brownie Bear," she said. "Eat it all up!"

Brownie Bear tasted the porridge.

"M-m-m! M-m-m!" he said. "This porridge is better than the people's porridge."

And he ate it all up!



It looked so good that Father Bear and Mother Bear had some, too!

Soon all the bears in the woods heard about porridge. And soon all the bears were eating berries-and-nuts-and-grass-and-roots porridge, too.

"And that, Little Bear," said his father, "is why bears always have porridge for breakfast. Now, off to bed you go!"

"I love that story," said Baby Bear. Before he went to bed, he went into the kitchen and put his little nose in the porridge pot.

"M-m-m! And I just love porridge, too!"





Follow the Leader

Little Bunny Cottontail slowly opened his eyes. Then he sat up. It was morning, but his mother was still sleeping.

"It isn't time for breakfast," thought Cottontail. "I'll go out and find Hipperty."

Hipperty was Bunny Cottontail's friend. They liked to play games. They had so much fun hopping here and jumping there all day long.

So away went Cottontail to find Hipperty. And Cottontail found Hipperty all ready to play a new game.

"Good morning, Cottontail," said Hipperty. "How would you like to play Follow the Leader?"

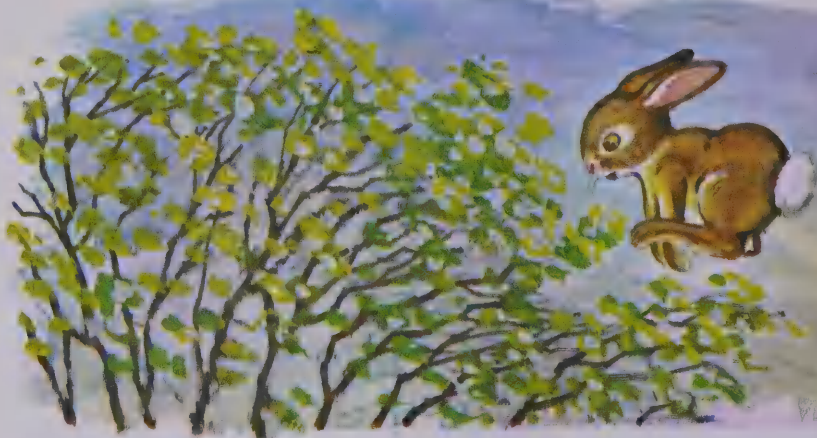
"What is that?" asked Cottontail. "Is it a hard game to play?"

"Oh, no," said Hipperty. "You just do what I do. If I run, you run. If I stop, you stop. If I stand on my head, you stand on your head. It's lots of fun. You will like it. It's such an easy game to play. O.K.?"

"O.K.," said Cottontail. "I'm ready."

Off went Hipperty — hipperty-hop! My, how he could hop! Cottontail followed, doing all the things Hipperty did, until —

Hipperty took a big jump over some low trees. He just sailed right over!



Cottontail jumped, too, but do you know what? He didn't jump high enough or far enough. Poor Cottontail! He fell right on top of the little trees, and down, down to the ground.

"Oh, dear," thought Cottontail. "I hope Hipperty didn't see me."

Cottontail crawled out from under the little trees with sticks and leaves all over him. Then he looked for Hipperty.



Hipperty was still going like the wind. He was so far away that he had not seen Cottontail fall.

So Cottontail ran after Hipperty once more.

Hipperty was coming to a little stream. Up and over he jumped.

Cottontail ran puffing and panting up to the stream. Could he jump over it like Hipperty? He gave a big, big jump — up, up — but not over. He did it again! Right into the water he went.



Poor Cottontail! He sat there, all wet, with sticks and leaves all over him. Why couldn't he jump like Hipperty? Hipperty had said that Follow the Leader was fun, but Cottontail did not think so now.

Hipperty was still going, running and jumping. He was so far away that he had not seen Cottontail fall into the stream.

So Cottontail went home.

His mother was awake now. She was surprised to see her wet and dirty little Bunny.



Mother Rabbit said, "Where have you been, Cottontail? What have you been doing? Why are you all wet? Don't you know that rabbits don't go swimming?"

Poor Cottontail! He told his mother all about the new game of Follow the Leader.

"But I couldn't do what Hipperty did," he said. "I can't run as fast as Hipperty and I can't jump like Hipperty."

Mother Rabbit laughed and laughed. Cottontail didn't think it was funny at all.



Then his mother said, "I will tell you why you couldn't follow Hippierty. I will tell you why you can't run like Hippierty and why you can't jump like Hippierty. Hippierty is not a rabbit. He is a BABY KANGAROO!"

Bunny Cottontail knows now that he can't run like Hippierty and that he can't jump like Hippierty. But Cottontail and Hippierty are still good friends, and they still play games together — but not Follow the Leader.





Circles

The things to draw with compasses
Are suns and moons and circlesees
And rows of humptydumpasses
Or anything in circuses
Like hippopotamusses
And hoops and camels' humpasses
And wheels on clownses busses
And fat old elephumpasses.

— HARRY BEHN

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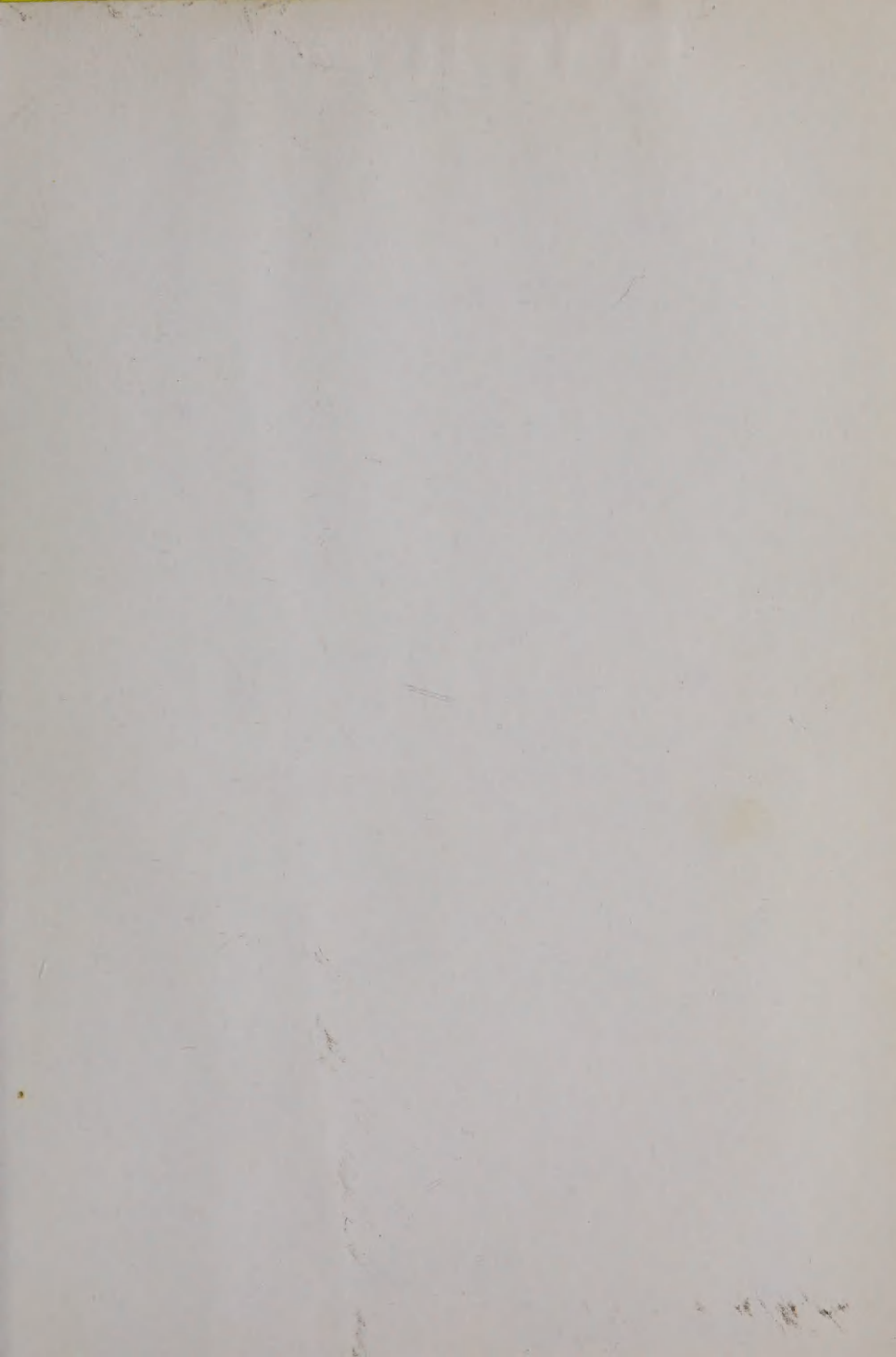
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1. The first part of the paper
 is devoted to the study of
 the properties of the
 function $f(x)$ defined by
 the equation

$f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$

and to the study of the
 properties of the function

$f(x) = \int_0^x f(t) dt$



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